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Dutch girls wearing traditional costume at Spakenburg in Holland

Holiday hosts who understand the British

by ELIZABETH NICHOLAS

WHAT could be easier, if you have a yen to see foreign parts, than to take a Channel steamer and visit the coast of Belgium? What, indeed, could be cheaper?

It is, I suppose, possible to imagine slightly more economical holidays. But your eight days on the Belgian coast need cost no more than, let us say, £14 from London back to London, plus £2 or £3 for extras.

Belgium has some forty miles of coast, all of it sandy and most of it backed by friendly dunes. Along it, at short intervals, are strung the famous holiday centres from le Zoute, at the Dutch frontier, to La Panne, on the French frontier.

There are such places as Knokke, Heyst, Blankenberghe, le Coq, Ostend, Middelkerke, Westende and tiny, pleasant St. Idesbald. Nearly all these towns look exactly the same. All have long rows of hotels and guest houses bang on the beach; all really throw themselves, heart and soul, into the business of making a holiday fun.

They are entirely accustomed to British guests, and know a great deal about "cuppas," good roast beef and rich cakes. They welcome families, and take children in their stride. An inability to speak French or Flemish does not spoil things; always someone about the hotel or pension speaks English.

The charming town of le Zoute—which I am told belongs to one family—is different from the others. It is probably the most expensive of the Belgian seaside resorts and is, I think, the nicest.

Le Zoute, le Coq and St. Idesbald are the places if you don't yearn for the vast crowds; Ostend, Blankenberghe and Middelkerke if you like all the fun of the fair.

Make a day excursion to Brussels, if only to see the fantastic motorway built for the recent exhibition.

Fun for a family

North to Holland; Amsterdam for a gay holiday in the spring or autumn. One of the liveliest capitals of Europe, Amsterdam is also amongst the most beautiful and, equally important, you can have plenty of fun there on the cheap. Small night spots and cafés abound where you may join in the gaiety for the cost of a glass of beer or cup of coffee.

Dutch seaside resorts are for the family. They have safe sands, clean, simple hotels and pleasant people who seem to have English as a second tongue. Texel, an island famous for its bird sanctuaries, is particularly splendid for children.

If sailing is your hobby, go to Friesland. The Netherlands National Tourists Office at 38 Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7, will be glad to send you leaflets explaining how, where, what and when. You can hire a yacht and receive instruction.

One of the best Dutch holidays is a cruise on the canals. Several travel agents specialize in these, and I especially recommend the spring cruises that take you through the bulb-fields. They cost about £35.

And so to Scandinavia. You cannot set foot in Norway, Sweden or Denmark without realizing, immediately, that Britons have quite a bit of Scandinavian blood in their veins. These are countries where we instinctively feel at home; especially Norway.

Bargain prices

Scandinavian travel, therefore, presents no difficulties. North Sea fares are reasonable, and as Norway is far from being an expensive country, Norwegian holidays come into the bargain category.

I lost my heart to Ulvik, on Hardangerfjord, when I was nine, and on my first visit there after the war, in 1951, Ulvik was as lovely as ever. A splendid new hotel was going up to replace the famous old building burned by the Germans in 1940.

A ten-day holiday at that hotel would, in May or June, cost £35.

Godoysund is the perfect centre for families who revel in open-air, simple pleasures; ten days cost from £28. Much farther north, ten days at Sandane, on the superb Nord fjord, cost from £30.

If you like to keep moving, why not try a circular tour? Visit, for example, Stavanger, Seljestad, Utne and Bergen—all places creating memories to warm the heart through winter evenings—for just under £30.

Fares to Sweden work out rather more expensive, but an eight-day holiday in Stockholm, with air travel, bed and breakfast, for £47 13s. 6d., is not unreasonable.

Eight days in Copenhagen, also with bed and breakfast, but involving rail/sea travel, cost just under £30.

You would enjoy Copenhagen. It is enormously gay and comes to life in summer with a bang. It is a splendid centre for a varied holiday. Beaches lie close at hand, and you can swim, sail and potter by day, and then join in the famous Copenhagen night life.

Lastly—the Midnight Sun. Travel from Bergen right up to the North Cape, to Kirkenes close by the Russian frontier. For this, you sail in one of the excellent Norwegian coastal steamers. The inclusive cost for fourteen days, Newcastle back to Newcastle, is from £69 (up to June 6 and after August 19). Between those dates, the cost is from £84 10s. THE END

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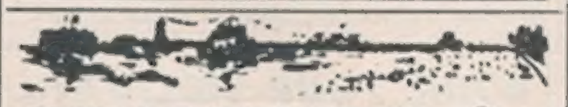

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Contents

ARTICLES

GILBERT HARDING 10
THE MAN BEHIND THE MASKS
by Allen Andrews 11
THE CRAZIEST FASHION HOUSE IN MAYFAIR
by Alan Lloyd 13
YOU'RE BOUND TO HICCUP SOON—BUT WHY?
by Francis Hitching 17

STORIES

HOME-MADE HEIRESS
by Breton Amis 14
FAIR YOUNG GHOST
by Kenneth Kay 18

SERIALS

MURDER ON MY MIND (Part 1)
by ex-Superintendent Fred Narborough 8
CONE OF SILENCE (Part 4)
by David Beaty 26

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME
by Roger Smithells

ALL MY OWN WORK 21
LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT .. 25
HALVING JOINTS 28
WORTH NOTING 34

FEATURES

GETTING AWAY: 2. IN SHORT: 16. THE VISIBLE SPRING: 20. JOKES: 24, 29, 30, 32. THE WEATHER: 25, 28, 31. WE ADVISE: 34.

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The Cover

WHAT a year it's been! Mother can hardly believe that this bouncing twenty-one pounder was born only twelve months ago. Like most parents they've had teething troubles, but now Miss One Today is finding her feet—and a will of her own. Maybe it's as well that she isn't coming to the aid of the party: that cake is far too rich. "If Mother is wise," says artist Zelinski, "she'll make next year's treat of sponge, so that my cover girl can have her cake *and* eat it"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Regal Clean-up

WHY all the fuss about stations and towns being cleaned up for a visit by the Queen? It's a good thing that officialdom is forced to do something about dirt and decay now and again.

When I was in the forces the announcement of an inspection by Royalty or top brass meant that a whirlwind went through the camp.

Broken windows were suddenly replaced, hitherto unobtainable paint began to flow and new uniforms were for the asking.

A few chronic moaners decried all this, but these visits serve a vital purpose. They turn the spotlight on dusty corners.

It might improve the appearance of this country if the Queen went to a few more railway stations.—J. SYKES, Christchurch, Hants.

Old Investment

In 1883 at the age of twelve I deposited the sum of 1s. in the Post Office Savings Bank. I have no idea what happened to the book, but if the account were traced, what would my shilling be worth today?—P. C. WESTON, Feock, Truro, Cornwall.

"Sorry, Mr. Weston," says the Post Office. "As long as you know at what post office you opened your account it can still be traced—but there will still be only a shilling in it.

"The reason is that interest is paid only on sums of £1 or more.

"However, once an account is opened it exists for ever. If you wish to start using it, let us know where you opened it, and what your address was at that time."

Doc's All Right

Recently I saw a car stop directly under a No Parking notice in the St. James's district of London. The driver got out, scribbled something on a piece of paper and left it under the windscreen wiper.

On the paper was written: "Doctor waiting." This seemed to satisfy a policeman who came along checking car numbers.

Does this mean that certain professions are exempt from the law? Can anyone get immunity merely by putting a scrap of paper on his car?—JOHN V. HEWES, Mount Ephraim Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

"Nobody is exempt from any parking regulation," say police. "But we generally act as reasonably as possible where doctors are concerned."

Views Of Gilbert

I am surprised to find Gilbert Harding approving contemporary design in churches and cathedrals (JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, January 3).

It is the thin end of the wedge. Would he like to see the altar made of plastic, with polished steel legs?

The next step is the faith the building represents. Why not modernize that, too? Away with its beauty, simplicity and meaning.

No, Gilbert, leave the contemporary rubbish to all these appalling office blocks.—W. A. R., BARKINGSIDE, Essex.

... Until I started reading JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED I always considered Gilbert Harding to be a rude old busybody. Every time I heard him or read about him I could joyfully have hit him.

Now, for the first time, I actually agree with him and find his column most sensible and interesting.

He has courage to write about things which other people will not face.—MRS. JOAN HARDWICKE, Holmes Chapel, Crewe, Cheshire.

Gilbert Harding's article appears this week on page 10.

Bobby Dazzlers?

It would be easy to enforce the speed-limit if all cars were obliged by law to carry a light which was

linked to the speedometer in such a way that it automatically came on when the car exceeded 30 m.p.h.

It could easily be made tamper-proof. The only objection might be that the gadget would be too efficient.—M. B. GOITEIN, Balliol College, Oxford.

You Flarcher Us

As a group of students from various parts of the north of England, we continually find ourselves using local words and phrases unknown to southern colleagues.

They find that you can mash, mass, brew or scald tea. Entries or alleys can be ginnels or jinnels. When it is raining heavily, it is siling down or scoppin down.

If anyone calls you a canny lass (clever girl) and does not mean it, he is a flarcher.—DORIS KENDALL, Collegiate Hall, Collegiate Crescent, Sheffield, 10.

Coveted Honour

You are wrong to announce David Beaty's *Cone of Silence*, which you have just begun to serialize, as the current Book Society Choice. That honour has gone to John P. Marquand for his new novel *Women and Thomas Harrow* which Collins have just published—a book, incidentally, which no JOHN BULL reader should miss.

Marquand is the doyen of contemporary American novelists—"the American Galsworthy," he has been called—and he is all too little known in this country. Which is why the accolade of the Book Society on his latest novel is so jealously cherished.—R. J. POLITZER, Collins, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

We regret this error, which was due to misinformation at the time we went to press. "Cone of Silence" is, of course, a Book Society Recommendation.

Draught Or Damp

A boarded-up chimney-piece can make a most attractive bed-head, but your article (January 10) does not mention ventilation.

A builder tells me that if there is no draught of air, there is likely to be a damp patch because rain coming down the chimney cannot dry out.

A few holes in the board blocking the fireplace would be sufficient to prevent this.—MRS. M. BLUNDELL, Wood Green, London, N.22.

"You certainly do need ventilation, Mrs. Blundell," says Roger Smithells. "But the holes you suggest would probably create a draught down the back of your neck.

"The best solution is to put an airbrick farther up the wall."

Art On Ice

After heavy frost beautiful patterns of fern leaves, mosses, ivy and stars form on my windows. What causes these graceful designs?—ARTHUR WILLIS, Darlington, Co. Durham.

"The designs on your window panes are caused by the six-sided ice crystals growing together during a freeze-up," says a scientist.

"There is no generally accepted reason for the shapes they take—but my own theory is that it depends on the presence of such substances on the glass as grease or dirt."

Holiday Pals

There must be many people who stay at home for lack of a holiday

companion with interests similar to their own.

What about a Holiday Bureau, run on the lines of a penfriends' club?

This would solve the problem of those who prefer a holiday with just one other person to joining a crowd of strangers in the hope of meeting a kindred spirit. And it would bring new friendships to those with lonely lives.—MISS J. JUKES, Ward End, Birmingham, 34.

Meagre Rations

After travelling abroad I wonder if our reputation for being big eaters is justified. Restaurants in this country serve very small portions.

In the Far East I found twenty-ounce steaks the order of the day, accompanied by six or seven vegetables. I know one establishment which offers to give you the meal for nothing if you can eat another of the same size.

It is time our hotels and restaurants did likewise.—L. STEEL, Burnblea Street, Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

Heartfelt Thanks

How happy and grateful I am for Kenneth Horne's article: "I'm glad I'm still alive" (January 10). I have never felt so encouraged in my life.

I, too, was very ill and thought I would never be myself again. Now I am determined to get well.

I am writing this letter on my back. My heartfelt thanks to Mr. Horne and JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED.—J. W. T. SCOTT, Central Middlesex Hospital, London, N.W.10.

Homemaker

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MURDER ON MY MIND

Secrets of Scotland

Theft, forgery, ruthless killing, and the tragedy at Arundel of attractive Joan Woodhouse (right), my most baffling case of all....These were the milestones in my exciting career in the C.I.D.

Two murders stand out like milestones on the long road I have travelled from the time I was a young constable in London's East End until I retired as a member of Scotland Yard's Big Five. They came to light within a year of each other. In each case a girl of nineteen was cruelly done to death in a wood.

But in one case we had a body and no murderer, whereas in the other we had a murderer and no body.

The first case broke on August 10, 1948, when Joan Mary Woodhouse was found raped and strangled in Box Copse, a small beech wood in Arundel Park, Sussex.

I went down there on the following day and started one of the most extensive investigations ever to take place in Britain.

The murderer has never been convicted. . . .

The Arundel case in reverse began nine months later. This time there was no body, but we had a killer, already in jail, who literally talked himself to the gallows.

My part in that fantastic case began in the pleasant Mayfair office of Mr. Gerald Paling, Deputy Director of Public Prosecutions, in May, 1949.

Paling's story dragged us back to the dark days immediately after the war, to Germany by way of Dartmoor Prison.

"I have a queer one here, Narborough," he said.

William Frederick Jones was a stupid ex-soldier in his early thirties. Like every other man in Dartmoor, he hated the prison. The hatred became an obsession. He was serving six years for housebreaking and other offences.

He made repeated requests for a transfer, but all were refused.

"Then one Sunday afternoon he asked a warder for paper and pencil," Paling told me. "Here is what he wrote."

'I shot a girl . . .'

The grubby sheet of notepaper was pushed towards us. "While I was stationed in Rotenburg in Germany during the war I shot a girl in the woods," the laboured writing read. "I want to get this off my chest. Now perhaps you will do something about my transfer!!"

Jones was moved to Wandsworth Prison where I interviewed him.

I warned him that wasting police time was a public mischief and that, if his story was untrue, he would find himself in the dock at the Old Bailey with a substantial period added to his sentence.

Then I listened to the casually-told tale of a cold-blooded killing.

Jones had been on local leave near Rotenburg, with time on his hands and his rifle at the trail. "I came upon the girl suddenly in the woods near the farmhouse," he told us. "She looked real pretty to me. About nineteen. I could see her breasts through the thin frock she was wearing."

He had asked if she spoke English and was relieved at the answer—"A little."

Seemed to go mad

They sat down, backs against a tree and discussed their sordid bargain. Bars of chocolate from the Naafi to assuage her hunger. Her young body to feed and satisfy his desires.

After a while the girl raised herself on one elbow and demanded her fee of chocolate. Jones had none. He offered cigarettes instead.

"She seemed to go mad," commented Jones. "Screamed and shouted at me. Called me a filthy English pig. I told her that if she talked like that to me I'd shoot her. 'Shoot then, pig,' she said as she walked away."

Jones added calmly: "So I picked up my rifle and shot her in the back.

"When I knew she was dead I dragged her by the ankles into the bracken. Her skirt flew up. I noticed what I hadn't seen before. She had a scar on her stomach, like after an operation for appendicitis."

Then the man in Wandsworth admitted that he had robbed the corpse, forcing off the dead girl's ring, which he traded with a corporal later for cigarettes.

All the troops in the area had been paraded two days after the body had been discovered. Jones said he had screwed up his face when he saw the local farmer's wife walking down his line. She had not paused. Next day his battalion had been transferred to another district of Germany.

With Detective-Sergeant Dennis Hawkins, who had assisted me in the preliminary investigation, I flew to Hamburg and drove about seventy miles to Rotenburg. Then we called on the village policeman. He told us that the murdered girl had lived with her aunt, in a farmhouse, just over a quarter of a mile from where the body had been found.

The policeman knew the "scene of the crime"—he managed that in English—and he would show us. He directed us into the woods, to a small copse not unlike that other leafy nook

by Ex-Superintendent Fred Narborough

Yard; from detective-constable to one of the Big Five

below Arundel Castle, and pointed out where the body had been found.

In his rambling statement Jones had told Hawkins and myself that before he met the girl he had called at a farmhouse and asked for a glass of water. He had been directed to the back of the house, up two stone steps into a paved kitchen where the water was supplied from an old-fashioned iron pump with a handle over the sink.

While he was talking with the woman of the house he had noticed a crippled girl pass into another room.

"The woman spoke good English," Jones had added. "With an American accent."

A pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman answered my knock. I explained my mission. "You are Frau Ellerman?"

"Yes. Please come in."

She conducted me to the rear of the house and *up two stone steps to the tiled kitchen where the iron pump with the handle was mounted over the sink.*

One by one the other points clicked into place.

"You have a daughter I believe, Frau Ellerman?"

"Yes," she answered sadly. "She is a cripple."

"You speak excellent English. How is that?"

"I lived for five years in the United States after the first World War."

We traced the girl's mother in Bremen. Yes, her daughter had had her appendix removed when she was nine years of age and the operation had left a distinct scar. We located the doctor who conducted the post-mortem examination in the Russian zone of Vienna. We flew to the Austrian capital next day.

The doctor signed an affidavit that the girl had died from a British Army bullet which had entered her back.

"Now there is only one thing missing," I said to Hawkins on our way back to England. "The gold ring."

We found it dangling as ear-rings from the lobes of a Hackney housewife. The one-time corporal was located through army records. He remembered the transaction. The ring had been melted down and made into the ear-rings.

Unsuccessful plea

The case was complete. My witnesses were brought from Germany and Vienna—the dead girl's mother, her aunt and her crippled daughter, the village policeman, the sergeant-interpreter, the doctor.

Jones appeared at the Old Bailey. During his three-day trial counsel made an unsuccessful plea of insanity. He was found guilty of murder.

Soon the man who preferred death to Dartmoor was executed. . . .

Of course, my life in the police, though exciting and sometimes dangerous, had not always been a round of murders. I joined a quarter of a century before—in 1924—and spent twenty-one gruelling years before graduating to the Murder Squad.

I might never have become a policeman at all had it not been for an unexpected turn of fate. For until I was twenty-one I lived the life of a country lad in Norfolk and had every prospect of ending my days as a gentleman farmer. Then my father, who farmed 1,300 acres, was ruined in the agricultural slump and I had to find a job. I chose the police.

In March, 1924, I attended the Metropolitan Police School at Westminster, for the entrance examination, and came out top of the batch.

My first posting, as P.C.456.J, was to Hackney Police Station in Lower Clapton Road. For a fortnight I attended the local court, listening to experienced officers giving evidence. Then after two weeks with a senior constable I was sent alone to the beat in High Street, Homerton.

I was proceeding, as we said from the witness box in those days, at the required pace, in my regulation boots, when I saw a man and a motor lorry. The vehicle was stationary, the man strolling round in a suspicious manner.

I went around a side turning, doubled back, removed my helmet and peeped with my cheek against the wall. I saw a hand withdrawing from the pocket of a jacket hanging inside the driver's cab of the lorry.

I walked up and told the man he would be taken into custody as a suspected person. His reply was a grunt and a smash to my mouth with his fist. It was all arms and legs after that. I pride myself that I was gaining the upper hand when a mounted policeman cantered up and threw his reins to a bystander. Between us we half-walked, half-dragged our prisoner to Hackney Police Station. I was aching, dusty and bloody.

Only when my prisoner was lodged in a cell did I discover the reason for the smiles. I had arrested Patsy Binden, the terror of the neighbourhood. The blue uniform was to Patsy as a red rag is to a bull. He had seventeen convictions for assaults on policemen.

Patsy got a broken nose and twelve months. I got a broken little finger and two commendations.

There was pathos, too, in the mean little streets. As on the Christmas Eve when I was leaving the old Hackney Empire after the first house and bumped into a man and woman in the passage-way at the back. The couple carried armfuls of parcels in the swirling snowstorm. The man looked at me. Recognition was simultaneous. He was

When Wright saw me he aimed a flying kick at my stomach. It became a brutal struggle

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

Gilbert Harding says...

This was a night to remember

WHEN I was a small boy I was not allowed to go to the pictures half as often as I wished. My grandfather always contended that a nice walk would do me much more good.

Occasionally, however, I did find enchantment in some flea-pit, then known as a picturedrome, watching Charlie Chaplin dashing about in what appeared to be a perpetual rainstorm to a lively piano accompaniment.

Those were the days of gripping serials featuring a young lady named Pearl White, who was often, too often, gagged and bound and left (until next Saturday) in the track of an oncoming train.

It seems hard to believe, but we boys (and girls) of the 1920s were so unsophisticated that we used to call out to the hero, "Look out!" when a villain was creeping up on him.

Going to the pictures certainly once had a magic about it.

Later, before and after the coming of the talkies, the cinema still offered magic, of a sort. "It's warmer inside!" the poster proclaimed—and it was.

Fetlock deep in thick carpet we sought our seats in the scented auditorium. Attendant maidens, often dressed like hussars, flicked their torches and, believe it or not, bothered to show us to our seats, deep and comfortable. A mighty Wurlitzer, an organ flashily lit, seemed to contain, in its chromium bowels, whole orchestras, even railway trains. We were sprayed with scent. It was very heaven.

Heaven, certainly, for many in the grimmer days before the war. People were prepared to pay hard cash for soft seats then, to leave uncomfortable homes for the pleasures offered by the palais. It didn't matter much what was showing; there would be a change on Thursday, anyway.

Since then there have been very big changes indeed. Children are, we all are, much more sophisticated. Young lovers no longer cuddle under star guidance in the dark back row; now they have their coffee-bars. And, thank heaven, home, sweet home, is for nearly everybody a comfortable place and cosy, not a place to flee from.

The TV screen, too, has crept into the corner by the fireplace.

If we go to the pictures these days the film has got to be good. Because many films have not been half good enough, cinemas have been closing all over the place. I am glad to hear, though, that a new cinema, the Columbia, the first to be opened in London's West End since the war, opens its bright doors this week. The rather battered film industry is fighting back and I'm glad to see it.

I should have thought, though, that better films came before better cinemas; perhaps they are coming together.

My own ventures into the film studios have been brief and not unprofitable. I had a considerable part in *The Gentle Gunman* and a tiny one in *Simon and Laura*. Last November I spent two interesting days at Shepperton studios taking part in *Left, Right And Centre*, which is to be shown soon. I should add, quickly, that these ventures have been modest and undemanding: I play only myself.

On this admittedly slender experience, I cannot help wondering why films are not infinitely better than they are. Tremendous trouble and a wealth of talent go into their making. Huge sums are spent; armies of cameramen and technicians are mustered and deployed. What surprised me was that a whole morning could be spent on making what would, with luck, be only about a minute's entertainment.

On a programme like *What's My Line?* we produce, at a comparatively piffling cost, thirty minutes of viewing in thirty minutes flat, and no nonsense.

Television is like a printing press, churning it out. The film boys are more like monks, laboriously illuminating about a couple of letters a day. It did not matter so much what the lovely, or not so lovely, letters were likely to spell until quite recently. Now it does.

I get the horrors

In their alarm, the film boys have done some daft things. To make the cinema screen wider and to make films about busty women mostly lying down (because the screen is that way) hardly seems the right answer.

I don't think that horrible horror films are, either. Someone told me the other day about a notice outside a cinema in Essex. It read: YOUR SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT: *The Killer Is Loose* AND *The Corpse Came C.O.D.*

The film makers will have to do better than that. I would hate to see this unique and sometimes splendid form of entertainment go down.

When I saw *A Night To Remember*, about the sinking of the Titanic, I came out of that Brighton cinema shaking with fright. That is a night I shall always remember.

What we want are more films of that kind—actual, impelling, doing splendidly what only the cinema can do. There is a future, too, for comedy, the kind of thing the Boulting Brothers and Ian Carmichael do so well. Laughter we always need.

Give us some reality, not fictions of unparalleled idiocy, and every now and then make us laugh with the film and not at it.

Then, I'm sure, we shall go to the pictures once more. THE END

Murder on my mind

continued from previous page

Fred Govey, a clever shopbreaker, who had carelessly left fingerprints at the scene of his latest crime.

"You know you are wanted, Fred?"

"Yes, guv'nor."

"I have no alternative but to take you into custody."

"Blimey! On Christmas Eve, wiv the kids waiting for us at home?"

There was a dull, leaden pause. I wiped some snowflakes off my face for something to do. The woman mopped her cheeks for another reason. I remembered the instructions that once a man was arrested a police officer could not release him again. But I also remembered my brothers and sister, my mother and father, the happy festive hours I had spent in the fenlands.

I had half-arrested Govey. His wife waited, trembling, for what might come. I could see her eyes mirror the possibilities. The solitary trudge home in the snow to wildly excited children, suddenly subdued.

I struck a bargain.

"If I let you go, Fred," I said slowly, knowing the chance I was taking, "will you promise to meet me right here at ten o'clock on the morning of January the first?"

"As Gawd's me judge."

We shook hands on it.

A change of heart

He was ten minutes early on the day. Best suit, close-shaved, hair brushed.

"Okay, Santa Claus?" he asked.

He received twelve months' imprisonment at London Sessions. With good behaviour, he had a chance of joining his family again for Christmas the following year.

The last time I saw Fred Govey he was sweating, stripped to the waist, on a building-site at Mare Street, Hackney.

I like to think that the bargain in the snowstorm had something to do with the change of heart.

Life continued to be a round of raids, rough-houses, razor-slashers; of whispering wantons, wife-beaters and neglected children—the ebb and flow of humanity in the East End—until the day I realized the young detective's dream. I was transferred to the Flying Squad.

The so-called underworld knew almost as soon as I did.

There had been numerous thefts of travellers' vehicles in the Dalston district. Driving off a car, truck, or anything on four wheels containing goods which would interest a receiver was known as "van dragging."

One of the most successful thieves was a man called Bob Powell, cunning, well-connected in the criminal sense, always immaculately dressed, usually with a bulging wallet.

My first Squad assignment was to accompany the late Detective-Sergeant Jerry Dawson and my new chief, Dan Gooch, to the favourite saloon bar of the top thieves living in the district. I presented Powell to Gooch and Dawson. Everybody knew of everybody. Powell turned back to me and grinned. "I hear you're on the Squad now?"

With my new boss around I had to say something. "Yes, Bob—and you're number one on my new list."

Powell shrugged his shoulders. He did not frighten easily.

Suspects trailed

Next morning I arrived with Dawson near Powell's house in one of the old horse-drawn vans belonging to the London, Midland and Scottish Railways. The aged nag wore blinkers. Dawson wore steel-rimmed spectacles, a battered trilby hat and a very sad-looking suit.

Our man came from his house at about ten o'clock, looked up and down the street, paused to light a cigarette, then strolled to the nearest bus stop. Dawson slipped out and followed. They caught the same bus.

When Powell left the bus at Manor House and boarded a tramcar Dawson was on his heels. I cruised behind in a taxi. In Green Lanes, Harringay, the unsuspecting Powell slipped into a workman's café.

Dawson came back and joined me. We paid off the taxi and waited out of sight. Not for long. Powell came out with a tall, broad-shouldered man and walked to a lock-up garage around the corner.

We walked slowly towards the garage. When we pushed against the door it opened. Inside, with the two men, was a brand-new car stolen from Hornsey.

Powell handed me the ignition key without putting up any fight. "I will say one thing for you, guv," he remarked sadly. "You do keep your word."

I think criminals refuse to face up to the obvious facts of life. Maybe that is why they slip into the easy-going ways which lead to penal servitude.

When a notorious "van-dragger" like Bob Powell is released from jail, not only his immediate family circle and friends are aware of it. Every policeman from John o' Groat's to Land's End—and farther afield nowadays, to the Continent, to the whole wide world through Interpol—makes a mental note as he reads the counter-crime circulations that such a man is again at large.

If, as in the case of Powell, larceny from vans and lorries jumps suddenly in districts which were his favourite hunting grounds in the past, no detective need count off two plus two on his fingers.

Jerry Dawson and I were still working together when Powell was released. We followed him again from his home to a Finsbury Park public house where he waited over a drink.

As he bought his second beer he was joined by the Wrights: father and son. A couple of villains. Wright, senior, had just been released from Dartmoor, so we had a registered address in the police files.

Patience paid off

Next morning, from another London, Midland and Scottish horse-drawn van, we watched the father and son leave their home and trailed them to a lock-up garage in Blackstock Road, Highbury. We sat in the back of the van like duck hunters in a hide until the two men drove away in a motor van.

We waited one complete round of the clock. Then Dawson decided he had had enough. He slipped into the darkness, but I decided to stick it out.

I was rewarded twenty minutes before midnight, my self-imposed deadline. The owner of the lock-up garages yawned his way across to secure the main gate. I had to make up my mind quickly. Fortunately, he was an honest man. When I told him of my suspicions he produced his master-key and let me into the garage rented to the Wrights.

It was a cross between Aladdin's Cave and Selfridges! The interior was stacked to the roof with stolen property—suits, women's dresses, shoes, silks, cottons, artificial jewellery, lampshades, radio sets . . . even children's toys.

The landlord was shocked. He quickly agreed that I could watch from another lock-up garage with Dawson next day. He promised to keep silent about what he had discovered. Yet something was worrying him. Then it came out. Would I promise not to make any arrests until he had collected his back rent?

Before seven o'clock next morning Dawson and I crept into the premises opposite the loot. We had to wait three hours until the Wrights showed up. We watched the rent money being handed over. Then we pounced.

The older man saw us first. He scaled

continued on page 24

The man behind the masks

by ALLEN ANDREWS

ALEC GUINNESS was filming *The Scapegoat* in France last year when he was seen stumbling around a field, apparently very drunk, mouthing words at the sky.

He was, in fact, rehearsing a tipsy speech. In the film, the speech had to be delivered standing still and no pretence of stumbling was called for. But because Guinness was walking while he learned it, drunkenness had crept into his gait.

Many of his friends say that this identification with the character he is playing is so complete that they find it hard to get on with him if he has an unsympathetic part.

Guinness does not concede this. "I don't go into a trance before playing a scene," he says. He disagrees with "method" acting, which encourages the player to lose himself in his part. In jocular opposition he founded the school called "the theory" which has as its rule: "Always know what you are going to do next."

Yet one night when he was playing *Hamlet* in London and, after Polonius's death, an actor roughly told him: "My lord, you must tell us where the body is," Guinness reacted to the man's truculent manner by pounding down the stage to give him a buffet on the ear.

Afterwards, very apologetic, he explained: "You were so insolent. I felt I had to do it."

Guinness says such a reaction could never happen now "unless I attempted to play *Hamlet* again, which, of course, I won't."

The amazing Alec Guinness scooped the pool of major British and American awards in 1958 for his performance in *The Bridge On The River Kwai*, which took more money at the box-offices of British cinemas through the year than any other film.

For seven years before that he kept his place among the top ten British money-making stars. But even before Britain began to take much notice of him, he had been generally acclaimed in America.

In 1950 he was named in New York as the best actor of the season for his performance in T. S. Eliot's play *The Cocktail Party*, and best film actor of the year for *Kind Hearts And Coronets*, the film in which, according to his own description, he played "eight speaking parts, one non-speaking cameo, and a portrait in oils."

Besides making two films a year he has made a number of stage successes and one memorable flop—*Hamlet*. He was a writer before he was a film actor.

A sure winner

Now he is an independent producer, too. Making the film *The Horse's Mouth* was his own speculation after the bigger companies had turned it down. He wrote the script himself from Joyce Cary's novel.

It was the film chosen for this week's Royal Film Performance before the Queen Mother. And, of course, Guinness joined the small band of actor-knights with his inclusion in this year's New Year Honours List.

Nowadays filmgoers always think of Guinness as a comedian. Some film audiences even started to laugh when he appeared in ecclesiastical robes in *The Prisoner*, a grim story based on the political brain-washing of a cardinal resembling Mindszenty.

"I am saddled with this myth that I make funny films," he says. "At least seven of my pictures were not intended to be funny, and one or two which were meant to be funny weren't at all!" The impact of his performance in *The Bridge On The River Kwai* might have modified this assessment, but he followed it with *Barnacle Bill*.

Masters the set

The basis of all his achievement is his thoroughness. As a boy in school theatricals he ran a carefully-timed course round the playing-field before bursting breathless on to the stage to report to Macbeth that Birnam wood was moving towards Dunsinane. Charles Frend, who has directed a number of his films, leaves him for an hour at a time on a new set while he masters the properties, moving, examining and measuring every article.

He has the same patient absorption in his character-building. He studies clothes and wigs for days before defining his appearance. By the time he comes to the make-up man he is firm about the result he is aiming at, whereas many actors tend to "leave it to Joe."

Harry Frampton, who has carried out for Ealing many of the startlingly different make-ups for which Guinness is famous, says the actor's whole body responds to the make-up as it is being applied.

"As I work on his face to give him the look of an old man his eyes droop and the muscles of his face sag. Gradually he begins to sit with the slump of age. He sprawls, mumbling old men's phrases. When he gets up from the chair his walk is a senile drag."

The physical tricks by which Guinness expresses character are always drawn from life. He is a fascinated observer of others, and in his own house will produce rich caricatures of comic incidents he has watched, acting three or four persons in turn. He eagerly attended a police identification line-up in New Orleans and noted "things that are stored away in my memory."

He has always believed that if he could imitate the walk of other people he could capture much of their

Soldier, sailor, priest or crook—whatever the part millions queue to see Alec Guinness. But what is Britain's star of mystery really like?

Guinness in a scene from *The Horse's Mouth*, this year's Royal Command film

The man behind the masks

continued from previous page

character. When he was a drama student he used to follow men and women down the street, trying to mimic them. "When I'd got their walk I knew how they were feeling and quite a lot about them."

Playing the hunchback Richard III in Canada, he is said to have modelled his gait on a vulture with a limp which he saw at the zoo. He is still liable to lean out of a window watching a man's gait and exclaim: "That's a good 'un! That would be difficult to do"—and practise until he has mastered it.

One of his most admired cameos of silent acting occurred in *The Bridge On The River Kwai*, when in a Japanese p.o.w. camp he was released from the tiny punishment box where he had crouched cooped up in the sun for days. In a moving sequence he staggered from this oven across the parade ground to the commandant's office.

Stumbling mime

He told a friend how he had worked out the walk for this incident. His only son, Matthew, caught polio at the age of twelve and was paralysed from the waist down. After a fearful interval he began to walk again. Guinness's helpless stumbling across the square was based on Matthew's first tottering steps after the disease.

He has recognized the power of silent acting since his student days, when he once devised a mime on the grisly theme of a Punch-and-Judy owner who beat his wife to death. John Gielgud was among the judges who awarded him a prize for it. "Later," says Gielgud, "Guinness perfected a very spirited impression of me. I always wanted him to let me see it, but he never would." Guinness stopped doing imitations when Leon Quartermaine told him: "You can't be an actor *and* a mimic; you must abandon one or the other."

But he did not abandon mime. In *Oliver Twist* he gave, as Fagin, a long, silent demonstration of the art of picking pockets. Mime is still the basis of some of his work. "I like," he says, "to try to express ideas and emotions without words."

During the rehearsal of a film he can get carried away with the elaboration of a comic idea which, with strict regard for studio discipline, he suggests first to the director. "I was just wondering . . ." he remarks, and goes off into "business" which gets progressively more fantastic.

"While we are laughing," says Robert Hamer, his principal director for Ealing Films, "it is hard to see that a point can sometimes be lost in an excess of embroidery."

The same irrepressible inventiveness sometimes overtakes him in private. At a dinner party in his home he mentioned casually a woman who had got into difficulties managing her parcels in a department store lift. He rose from his chair to illustrate the point. Suddenly he was acting a grotesque exaggeration of the incident.

He stood on his chair as his struggle with the imaginary parcels grew to a climax. The covering parted and he fell straight through the seat. The chair was an antique of some value, and still repairable, but the logic of the pantomime demanded that Guinness should finish the act. Amid the helpless mirth of his guests he systematically broke up the chair.

In conversation he expresses himself with a wit which grows more barbed as he gets on the defensive. Like many sensitive men, he uses it to deflate himself as well as others. A reporter asked him how he intended to relax after a vigorous performance. Self-conscious about his baldness, and the toupé his contracts decree he must wear for photographs, he replied: "I shall take off my hair."

His pride prompts a quick reaction to any fancied snub. He commanded an infantry landing-craft during the Allied invasion of Sicily in 1943. He kept his schedule tightly, but the rest of the invasion force was late, and for half an hour Guinness menaced the Axis on his own. In the swell his craft grounded and could not be got off the shore.

"The matter," he recalls, "was investigated by a rather tetchy naval captain who asked what I had been in peace-time. When I replied 'actor' he pulled a contemptuous face. 'And I would like to say,' I added, 'that the unpunctuality of the naval operations here would never be tolerated in the West End theatre.' He stalked away, defeated, I like to imagine."

Guinness retains a sentimental attachment to the Royal Navy and still attends occasional reunions. "I'm a pushover for anything about the sea," he admits. As a small-boat commander he was more rigid than some of his fellow officers. Camaraderie at sea was quelled before making port. While other commanders went ashore untidily and improperly dressed, Guinness reported to the senior naval officer in comparatively immaculate uniform. "There goes Noel Coward," his crew used to growl as they watched him set off.

Sea service marked a turning-point in his religious attitude. "Before the war I was avowedly irreligious," he says. "The war brought me back to an acceptance of the doctrines of the Church of England." In the nearness of death he began to study the Bible.

On the eve of New Year's Day, 1944, he wrote in his diary a verse from Saint Luke about the coming of the Lord: *And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants.*

That night Guinness was convinced that the ship was dominated by an evil presence which threatened him with death next day. Then, unexpectedly, the worst gale of a decade blew up.

For almost two days the crew could not move from whatever stations they had been caught in. After twenty-two hours he decided to exorcise the ship.

"I wriggled round to face the after part of the ship where I had experienced the evil thing," he says. "The first officer and the signalman clasped me round the chest while I raised my right hand, making the sign of the cross. 'In the name of Jesus Christ, leave us!' I said." Next day, when the wind had dropped to eighty miles an hour, the craft was wrecked on the coast of Italy.

Conviction that he was haunted by an evil presence was no impossible idea for Guinness. He is apt to believe that strange manifestations are directed at him personally. Early in the war, while he was still in England, he and his wife thought they were the victims of a poltergeist in their country cottage. Plaster and water were showered at them, and small objects moved.

He was convinced that the phenomena were the direct result of his indecision whether or not to have his baby son baptised. When the boy was taken to church the occurrences ceased.

Guinness humours the ordinary theatrical superstitions and adds some personal ones of his own, like not cutting his nails on a Friday. He tells a story of one striking prophecy. In Hollywood, James Dean showed him his fast new car, capable of 140 miles an hour. "He had not yet stepped into it," says Guinness. "It was wrapped in Cellophane, and he was most excited about it. I said: 'If you get in that car you'll be dead within the week.' He was killed in it seven days later."

Turned Catholic

Before the end of the war Guinness had an audience with the late Pope. "I was deeply impressed by his personality. I felt that for the first time I had seen a saint," he wrote to Sir Sydney Cockerell in words almost exactly the same as those used by Field-Marshal Montgomery. Guinness sent Matthew to a Roman Catholic public school and was received into the Catholic Church in 1956, shortly after he had received the C.B.E.

He met Pius XII again three days before the Pope's death. But he has no compulsion, like some converts in the artistic professions, to express his religion in his work. "Unfortunately," he explains, "the pious don't seem to turn out such good plays as the impious."

His persistence that whatever he touches must be good dates from his early days, when he knew the bitter taste of poverty and failure. He has no connection with the brewing family, though his reputation has been of some assistance to their publicity department. Out of a hundred consecutive newspaper references to him, twelve included the phrase "good for you."

But Guinness was born with no silver spoon in his mouth. His education was a constant compromise between cash and respectability. He refers from his own experience to the "misery" caused by poverty. His first—and last—job outside the theatre was as a £1-a-week Jack-of-all-departments in an advertising agency.

In his teens, like many stage-struck youths, he leaned over the rail of the Old Vic gallery, where he had secured his sixpenny early-doors seat, and pointed at the distant stage. "Some day," he told his friend Howard Barnes, "I shall be *there*."

Other actors have said the same. But with Guinness the prospect seemed highly unlikely. He did not possess a commanding presence, nor a romantic profile. "Thin, large-eared and strange" is his own description. To John Gielgud, whom later in desperate destitution he bearded in a Wyndham's Theatre dressing-room, he was "an odd, gangling youth, shy and diffident." Gielgud tried—and failed—to slip him £20 merely to get him to eat himself out of his emaciation.

On a September evening in 1934, Guinness stood back-stage in the Piccadilly Theatre, London, pleading for a part and some pay. The stage manager offered him a job, playing a different character in each of three acts, at a salary of £2 a week. Guinness accepted, went round the corner to the Equity offices, and got his pay raised to the London minimum of £3.

Brotherly design

He married Merula Salaman, an actress, in 1938, and they now live with their son near Petersfield in Hampshire, in a house designed by Merula's architect brother. Merula left the stage to make a home, and now busies herself painting in a studio in the house.

In Britain or abroad, Guinness generally travels unnoticed. People ask other actors in his company for their autographs but usually omit him. "They only half recognize me," he says. "They frown at me, wondering where they have seen that face before." At forty-four he is bald and grey, well dressed.

He is a warm and helpful friend, makes gifts, but refuses to lend money, believing that debts destroy friendship. "We all ring him up with our problems," said Michael Gough, whom Guinness first met at the Old Vic before the war. "Once I was sacked from a film. I had the money, but my confidence was low. Alec asked my wife and me round to dinner before I could tell him, persuaded me that the sacking was the best thing that could happen to me, and sent us home with all the self-assurance in the world."

Electricians, plasterers and studio carpenters get on well with Guinness. He resents amateurs, but has a deep regard for the men who do a job in his profession, and, in a rare burst of sentiment and charm, he said so at a Savoy Hotel luncheon. Holding his gold Oscar, and a silver award from the Variety Club, he said: "I wish I could file down this gold and silver into stardust and sprinkle that dust around the oh-so-many people in show business who helped me to get them."

Today, producer Sam Spiegel, of Columbia Pictures, would cheerfully sanction a fee of £100,000 for almost any role Guinness would care to mention. But Guinness continues to demand roles which to others seem "uncommercial."

He is dickering now with a scheme to make a film about Father Damien, hero of a tropical leper colony. Guinness has also told Columbia that he wants to play Gandhi, a part with no obvious box-office appeal.

This selectivity about the rôles which he will play makes his future uncertain. But whatever happens he is unlikely to amass a fortune. He earns a lot but retains little. His only investment is a collection of a dozen modern paintings. "I'm no business man," he has often said. "I shall probably die in the gutter."

THE END

The craziest fashion house in Mayfair

by ALAN LLOYD

Dora and Raemonde Rahvis thrive on tantrums, fight like cats, and tell Britain's wealthiest women, "You look hideous"

A model is fitted with a new gown by the Rahvis sisters, Dora (standing) and Raemonde. They regard their designs as sacred. "Wear it our way," Dora told a customer once, "or you won't have it at all"

THREE years ago, Cynthia Blackburn, a freelance fashion model, undertook her first job at the House of Rahvis, an exclusive dressmaking business in Upper Grosvenor Street, London, run by the Rahvis sisters, Dora and Raemonde. "It was as though I'd arrived at the Mad Hatter's tea party," she says.

For half an hour Cynthia tried unsuccessfully to announce herself. "No one took any notice," she recalls. "People kept dashing in and out of the salon. One woman was weeping. Eventually, another woman flung open a door and shouted: 'We'll have the meeting now.' I fled into the street and went back to my agent."

When Cynthia reached her agent's office there was a phone call from the Rahvis sisters to ask why she had not arrived.

"Apprehensively, I returned," she says. "The place was so calm that I thought I must have been dreaming."

For more than twenty years, Dora Rahvis, who is red-headed and tempestuous, and her sister, Raemonde, fair and aloof in the Garbo tradition, have created and sold model clothes for women in an atmosphere of dream-like unpredictability.

Eschewing diplomacy, the Rahvis sisters work amid scenes of temperamental tantrums and outrageous candour, but today they rule one of the largest couture houses in London and do brisk business with some of the wealthiest women in the world.

Assisted by a staff of more than a hundred, they have dressed, among others, Lady Derby, Lady Lewisham, Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lady Bowater, Lady Brook, Mrs. Billy Butlin, Mrs. Vera Lilley, Greer Garson, Margaret Lockwood, Glynis Johns, Jean Simmons, Merle Oberon, and Margaret Leighton, who has been called the most chic of all celebrities.

"After you have worked for the Rahvis sisters nothing surprises you," says Jennifer Yates, who, until recently, was a Rahvis house model. "When I went for an audition last August, Dora was sitting cross-legged on a sofa in the salon in her undies."

In her creative moods, Dora Rahvis, a more prolific designer than her sister, strides up and down discarding items of her clothing.

Members of the staff are frequently frustrated by the Rahvis sisters. "Don't you think, Miss Dora, that madame looks fabulous?" a saleswoman asked when a customer tried on one of their dresses recently.

"Not bad," Dora said casually.

"One afternoon," says Raemonde, "I came into the salon and saw one of our clients trying on a frightfully expensive dress. 'How do I look?' she said. 'Terrible,' I replied.

" 'But I like it,' she insisted.

" 'You look hideous,' I said. 'Take it off.' Our saleswoman was almost in tears. She thought she had sold the dress. But we must consider our reputation."

Impulsive methods

Joan North, a London model, recalls that when one wealthy woman was "humming and haaing" over mink buttons on a Rahvis creation, Dora told her brusquely: "If you won't have it our way, you won't have it at all."

Jackie Lane, one of Britain's younger film actresses, says: "When I once put on one of their cocktail dresses they told me I looked like an old woman."

Both sisters employ impulsive methods. A few months ago Raemonde summoned an employee to her flat above the salon and instructed the girl to take a skirt to the workroom to be let out. "I can't come down until it's done," she said. "I've sold my other clothes to a client."

Two years ago, when Dora was on holiday in the south of France, she sold her entire wardrobe to a woman she met in a casino, and had to buy a skirt and blouse to travel home in.

Periodically, the sisters have bouts of depression over their clothes. When a friend invited them to a party shortly before Christmas to meet a number of influential people, Dora spent so long standing about in her underclothes and a pair of green stockings trying to decide which dress to wear that she never got to the party.

Raemonde arrived shortly before it finished and missed everyone she was supposed to meet.

The Rahvis sisters are notoriously unpunctual. One woman who knows them well says: "I don't know how they get away with it." When two people had a business appointment at the salon recently, Raemonde arrived twenty-five minutes late and told them: "I'm afraid I can't see you now, I'm just going to a wedding."

They are also forgetful. Each sister wears round one ankle a narrow gold chain bearing a charm of St. Anthony—the patron saint of people who lose things. A member of the staff once found Dora crawling round the floor of the salon. "I've put my glasses somewhere," she said, "and now I can't see to find them."

According to Cherry Marshall, the head of a model agency, the Rahvis sisters demand a very high standard from their employees. The second Lady Cardigan and the first Mrs. Rex Harrison were both Rahvis models. So was the Baroness von Thyssen, formerly Fiona Campbell-Walter.

But many girls have refused to work for the sisters. When Joan North returned to the dressing-room after showing a gown at one Rahvis fashion display, and found that the sisters had told another girl to put on an expensive dress she had expected to wear, she put on her own clothes and walked out.

An agency that provided a model last November to show Rahvis clothes on television received a last-minute call to send another girl. The only reason the sisters gave for not using the first girl was: "We don't like her."

Bobbed her nose

In October, 1957, another model, Marion Spiers, left the Rahvis sisters without any warning and was reported as having "disappeared."

"We pull our models to pieces," says Dora. "We've completely transformed some of them — changed their hair styles, their make-up, their shape, their personalities." They have even changed their noses. Lolita, an Anglo-Indian model, had her nose "bobbed" on the instructions of the Rahvis sisters.

Rahvis collections arouse much curiosity among Mayfair's "smart set." At the sisters' last autumn show so many people crowded into their big L-shaped salon that one elegant woman, jostling for a view from the back, knocked over a large ornamental vase.

The collection was named after famous artists of many periods whose work, said Dora and Raemonde, had influenced their fashions. It contained, among other things, a black creation

continued on page 32

Home

Sally held the rum bottle firmly. "Doctor said just two teaspoons, Grandad," she told him. "And that's all you get"

-made heiress

by BRETON AMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Grandad was a mischievous old sinner. And he was out to catch suitors for Sally with the craftiest confidence trick in town . . .

Reg glanced at Grandad's cheque—then he grinned

WALT COOPER was having a few words with his granddaughter about his medicine. When he tried to grab the bottle, she rapped him with the spoon so sharply that for a moment he could only waggle his beard.

"Doctor said just two teaspoons, Grandad, and that's all you get."

"Tablespoons!" roared Walt. Then he remembered he was an invalid and wheezed pitifully. "The rum eases my chest, Sally, but not when I get it by the teaspoon."

"Be good," she scolded, "or I'll send you to Fairwood."

Walt could think of worse fates. Many of his old friends were at Fairwood, having the time of their lives with good food, good company, beer and billiards. And they wanted him to join them. *"Wish you were with us,"* Charlie Bates had written. *"What's keeping you?"*

The answer was Sally. Lovingly, relentlessly, she stood between Walt and the gates of that modern paradise for the aged. "What would the neighbours say," she often asked, "if I sent my only relative to a home for old folk? Don't you fret, Grandad dear. I know my duty, and I'll not let anyone take you away from me."

SHE loved him, Walt supposed, because he was such a lovable old man. But she also liked having him to nurse, cook for, bully and cosset. During this attack of bronchitis he had been nursed into second childhood, milk and all. She hid his tobacco because smoking made him cough, docked his rum because it sent up his blood pressure.

Walt was only seventy-seven, but he aimed to live to be a hundred if he could escape being suffocated by kindness.

"You'd make a fine wife, Sally," he told her, "but no one is going to ask you while they have to take me as well. Old horses should be put out to grass, and if I went to Fairwood——"

"You're my kith and kin," Sally said, patting his cheek, "and you're staying here."

"One of these days you'll fall in love with some young chap, and then you'll . . ."

"It could happen," she agreed cheerfully, "but who's going to fall in love with me?"

Walt had to admit she had something there. Young men, being what they were, ignored the sterling qualities, and looked for what would be the thorns in their own flesh after marriage, such as prettiness that would attract other men, and smart clothes that had to be paid for.

Sally was not pretty. Dressed up, she might be, but she never had money to spare on clothes, or time to sit in front of a looking-glass. Her ginger hair frizzed all over her head when she gave it a hasty home perm, and when she didn't it reminded Walt of a dish of mashed mangel-wurzels. She had a round, well-scrubbed face, beaming blue eyes, and a happy smile.

"I've got my old grandad and I don't want anyone else," she said, kissing him affectionately. "Ugh-rum! Now I must rush back to work, but I'll leave the door on the latch. Someone is bound to look in for a chat."

She took the rum bottle with her. . . .

Walt knew he would have callers, because Sally was very popular with other women who led blameless lives. They came to tell him what a dutiful granddaughter he had and how lucky he was. If he pretended to be asleep they woke him to make him comfortable; if he was rude to them they smiled indulgently and told Sally he was getting better.

He envied Charlie Bates and Steve Cumber their retreat, where no women were admitted except the Toftbury Toppers, who gave concerts there. Charlie and Steve would be playing snooker or drinking beer, or yarning about the days when Walt and they had walked twenty miles home from Framstock races. He wished he was with them, because he was bored and lonely, and needed male company of his own age.

Who would set him free by taking Sally off his hands? She was twenty-six, and her only romance had come to an abrupt end four years ago when Angus Ford, a young constable with hair the same ginger colour as her own, had come to do some courting and, being a canny Scot, had saved himself a double journey by serving a summons on her grandad for street betting. The shame of it had made her slam the door on Angus Ford and never speak to him again.

Walt reached for the spare pipe he kept hidden between the mattresses, and wished Sally had let the constable take her into custody, for even she must have realized that her grandfather and a policeman could never share the same home. But it had not happened, and the only two men who now called regularly were Reg Corbett, moustached and hearty, who on Tuesdays collected the few shillings Sally put by for insurance; and Cyril Osborne, a plump grocer who delivered on Fridays.

REG was a possible because he admired Sally's cooking and her thrift—particularly her thrift. Cyril was a dreamer who saw visions of a self-service store with a hard-working wife to help him run it—preferably one with a bit of money.

Money was the magic key to men's hearts. If a girl couldn't be pretty and smart, she only had to be rich to have men after her like whippets coursing a hare.

Walt felt under his mattress and found his bank passbook. It showed he had only £107 left out of the £500 nest-egg he had hoped to leave to Sally. It was not his fault. He could recall the golden days when rum had cost a mere four shillings a quart.

Neither Reg nor Cyril was likely to be tempted into marriage by £107, but an idea was brewing in Walt's fertile mind and he went to sleep on it. Coming up to see how he was, Mrs. Chubb thought the old man looked like a saint with those tufted white eyebrows and that snowy little beard she coudn't resist tucking inside the blue candlewick cover. It was just too bad he did not behave like one when he woke up.

On Tuesday, when Reg Corbett called for the insurance, Walt was waiting for him, cheque-book open. "Do me a favour, Reg," he said, "and nip across to the bank. "I'm rather short of ready cash."

A surprised Cyril pocketed Grandad's bundle of notes

"Who isn't?" Reg grinned as he glanced at the cheque. "A hundred? That's a lot of money, Walt."

"A drop in the bucket," Walt said. "And, death duties being what they are, I don't like keeping all my money in one bucket. When I die, I want Sally to have it, not the tax man."

Reg fetched the notes in a rubber-banded bundle, which Walt tossed into his tin trunk. "Out of sight, out of mind," he said. "Don't you go talking about this, Reg, or someone might croak me. Even Sally hasn't an idea what I'm worth, but, believe me, she'll be a lot better off when I'm dead."

"That's what I've heard people say," Reg mused, "but I didn't think they meant it that way. How's she getting on, Walt? I don't see much of her these days."

"Still cooks like an angel. Drop in for supper on Sunday, and you can tell me about the match."

On Friday Walt heard the grocer below, and called him. "Do me a favour, Cyril, and pay this hundred into my account," he said, handing over the bundle of notes and a paying-in slip. "Doesn't do to keep too much money in the house with so many crooks around."

The plump man rubbed the bundle between his palms, then put them in his wallet. "Never knew you were a man of money, Mr. Cooper," he said.

"Nor does anyone else," Walt said, "so not a word, not even to Sally. She's a hard-working girl and it wouldn't be good for her to know she'll be on easy street some day soon."

"Aye, she's certainly a hard worker," the grocer said thoughtfully. "Anything

Home-made heiress

continued from previous page

else I can be doing for you while I'm about it?"

"Well, you might drop in on Saturday night and check my pools for me. We'll be glad to give you supper."

Sally had a busy weekend but said it was worth it to give Grandad company.

"Asking Reg and Cyril shows you're on the mend," she said. "There's no need to be lonely, if you try to make friends."

"It isn't me, it's their kind hearts," Walt claimed. "They're casting their bread on the waters, lass, by taking pity on a tiresome old man."

On Tuesday, he sent Reg to the bank to draw out that same hundred; on Friday, he had it ready for Cyril to pay in. After a few weeks of this he actually felt rich and was annoyed when the bank manager himself came over to ask if there was anything wrong.

"Of course, you have every right to keep your money moving while you're in credit, Mr. Cooper," the manager said. "But your account is a small one and we like to keep the charges low."

"It's just an old man's whim, Mr. Adams," Walt wheezed. "Counting savings gives me something to do."

"I'll see what I can do about the charges," the manager said kindly.

It was good to be rich, Walt thought. He could now play cribbage with Reg and Cyril, who seemed more anxious than ever to keep an old man company. He had not boasted about his riches, but, if they liked to jump at conclusions, who was he to disillusion them?

He was able to potter round his room now. It amused him to see Reg eyeing the tin trunk as if it were a solid block of gold, or to watch Cyril climb to the top of the wardrobe for the odd hundred he said he had overlooked. As Reg and Cyril never met, neither knew the other half of the story.

On the day Walt drew out his tenth hundred, Reg brought him a bottle of rum which he hid in the trunk, and to celebrate the thousand pounds he had paid in, Cyril presented him with two new pipes. . . .

Best of all was the change in Sally. Money wouldn't account for that, because she didn't know she was an heiress, so it must be the attentions of her two admirers. After Reg had mentioned that her hair reminded him of a summer sunset, she had the frizz taken out and a deep wave put into it.

WHEN Cyril remarked on her resemblance to the Ginger Biscuit Queen, she stopped scrubbing her face and started making it up. In a new mauve suit she really began to look as smart and pretty as any girl whose grandad could bank a thousand in ten weeks, with more to come.

On Tuesday, Walt had the usual cheque ready for Reg to cash, but the insurance man failed to call.

"There's no reason why he should," Sally explained when she came home. "I cashed my endowment policy to buy my new clothes, and I'm not starting another."

"He'll be along on Sunday," Walt said, relieved.

"He won't, Grandad. I wasn't going to tell you, but . . ." Sally blushed, quite enchantingly. "Reg wanted to marry me! You could have knocked me down with a feather when he proposed. Of course I refused. With you to look after I'm not free."

Walt glared at her. "Have you gone daft, turning down a chance like that?" he cried. "I won't be here for ever—I hope! Now you listen to me, lass. . . ."

"It's no use, Grandad. I don't love him, anyway."

Walt brooded on this, then brightened. If it was not Reg, it must be Cyril, and Cyril was really a better bet, because he would take her away to run his shop.

"You can't tell your old grandad you aren't in love with someone," he coaxed. "I can see it in your eyes."

"I'm not telling you anything," Sally laughed. "Secrets are best kept."

He could agree with that. As there was nothing to pay in this week he'd give Cyril a hint to get a move on, in case others came after the same prize.

ON Friday, the grocer dumped the groceries in the kitchen and went straight out, slamming the door.

"Oh dear, oh dear," Sally said later, "I suppose I must tell you. Believe it or not, Grandad, I had two proposals in two days. Cyril took it quite hard when I turned him down."

"You did what?" Walt roared. "You turned him down, too? You can't afford to pick and choose."

"Seems that I can," Sally said huffily. "If I ever marry, it'll be one of *my* friends, Grandad. I think Reg only wanted me because I had fifty pounds from that policy, and I'm sure Cyril was after a wife to run his shop."

Walt could have wept. "Some young scoundrel will come along and marry you for your fortune," he muttered.

"Fifty pounds isn't a fortune, and anyway I've spent most of it. But you mustn't worry. No one is going to take you away from me."

It set Walt back so that he had to have a day in bed, where he dozed off and wakened to find himself staring up at an unshaven face with the nastiest pair of eyes he had ever seen.

"Keep quiet, mister, or you've had it," the man growled. "Where's the money? It isn't in the trunk."

"Money?" Walt had never been so scared. "I haven't any. . . ."

"You've drawn a thousand quid from the bank, in pound notes. It's all over the town. I was in the Griffin when the bloke that drawed it for you was telling the landlord what an old fool you was, keeping it in the house. I've come to collect."

"He was joking," Walt quavered.

"I'll laugh when you hand over. Or shall I get rough?"

The piggish face was so close to Walt's that he could almost count the

Major Operation

See the cotton, the vials,
  The probes, the sharp blade,
Note how deftly they're handled,
  How neatly arrayed.
Is this a great surgeon
  Whom all the world hails?
No, it's only our daughter,
  Doing her nails.

RICHARD ARMOUR

In Short

Foreign Affairs

The congregation of a village church near Aarhus, Denmark, objected to their vicar combining his pastoral duties with those of part-time driving instructor. So the vicar has bowed to public opinion and become a one-job man . . . as a full-time driving instructor.

Italian fathers in Turin have formed an association to help their daughters to find husbands in 1959. They call it the Pink Bows Association.

Summing Up

Members of the jury, the question before you is whether Mrs. Pigg libelled Mr. Hake by writing in a letter that he was cruel to his wife. To decide that you must ask yourselves whether tattooing a woman who does not wish to be tattooed is cruelty.

In the early days of their marriage, Mrs. Hake told us, she allowed her husband to tattoo her freely out of friendship and affection. *He* turned over the music when she played the piano; *she* provided a back for him to practise on.

You will remember that *A Storm In The Bay Of Biscay* was obviously a beginner's work. He might have done better to attempt something like a lovers' knot or a small flag.

As time went on, Mrs. Hake complained that she was beginning to feel over-decorated; but her husband declared that it was her duty to help him in his hobbies and she obediently allowed him to tattoo the cobra round her neck and the basket of fruit on her right ear.

Relations worsened between them when Mr. Hake began asking friends home to have "a drink and a bit of a tattoo."

He used his wife, in her own words, as a kind of visitors' book. The verses left by a Mr. Bert Ginberry. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

Tunes Are Like That

You didn't really enjoy that last dance, did you, Jane?

No. It's the kind of tune they play on the radio for people with broken legs.

I like this number, though.

I don't.

Why not?

It always brings me out in bruises. I used to skate to it.

Tunes are like that, aren't they? "Greensleeves" always makes me think I'm slow-marching round a parade ground with one bootlace undone.

And "Congo Rag" makes me think of knees bend, arms upward raise—like in that holiday camp.

Actually, it reminds me of circus horses that can't quite keep in time. Talking of circus horses—

Don't worry. You're dancing very well tonight.

I hope they play "Stardust."

I once had a proposal during "Stardust."

I hope they don't, then . . . ah, now for the next number—

Oh, no! *OH, NO!*

Jane, what's the matter?

Take the coke to the ship. Put the coke on the deck.

I beg your pardon?

Take the coke out of the ship—

For goodness sake, let me in on this.

It's the tune they played for a whole fortnight at typing school, to give us rhythm. Shall we sit this out?

E. S. TURNER

Small Ad.

Our hall is three square
  feet of cloaks;
Our two recep. receive
Not less than half-a-dozen folks
  When huddled sleeve to sleeve.
Our kit. is neither con. nor mod.,
  Our H. is always C.;
Our coals are in a simple hod,
  Our gardens are a tree.
Three beds and bath
  our upper floor,
And that's the size of it.
There simply isn't room for more;
  Even the cubs. don't fit.
The dist. is very far from good,
  The view is far from pleas.
Great Heavens! How we
  wish you *would*
Desire our little res.!

HAZEL TOWNSON

bristles. It occurred to him that Sally's burden might be lifted from her long before he planned.

"Go away," he said feebly. "Don't you dare. . . ." Two dirty thumbs pressed against his throat. "Take a deep breath and talk," the man advised, "or it could be your last."

Then things happened so suddenly that Walt sat bolt upright, his beard quivering. The piggish man had been yanked away and was struggling and swearing. Then, it seemed, the man bashed his face against the wall and collapsed into Constable Angus Ford's arms.

"Careless of him, walking into that wall," Angus said. "I'll send someone up to look after you, Grandad, while I take him in."

Walt was already reaching for his hidden bottle of medicine.

Angus was soon back, grinning all over his long, bony face. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"None the better for seeing you," Walt answered ungratefully. "And don't you call me grandad, young fellow. I haven't forgotten how you got me the day I'd picked my first winner for weeks."

"Sorry about that," the constable said, "but you're going to be my grandad all the same. We made it up days ago, and it's lucky for you she asked me to drop in and break the good news."

"A POLICEMAN in the family?" Walt was outraged. "I'd never get over the disgrace! What made her change her mind?"

"In the course of my duty I stopped her to ask if it was true that you'd a fortune in notes hidden about the house. She laughed and said the only thing you ever hid was the rum bottle. She looked so pretty I couldn't imagine why I'd ever let her go."

Walt finished his rum, to give him the courage he felt he was going to need. Sally was no fool. She would want to know how those rumours had started.

"Listen, Angus, you can have her," he said, "if you can persuade her to let me go to Fairwood. If you can't, I'll break every window in the police station, and she wouldn't marry a man who put her grandad inside."

To his indignation the constable looked as pleased as if he had just been promoted to superintendent.

"Then that's settled, Grandad!" he said. "They're making me a sergeant, which means a move to Toftbury, less than a mile from Fairwood. She'll be able to keep an eye on you. . . ."

Walt didn't believe it could happen, and was amazed when it did. Sally kissed him lovingly, forgave him for being a mischievous, interfering old man, and said she only wanted him to be happy, so she would not stand in his way if he really wanted to be with his friends. Angus thought it best. Angus wouldn't say so unless he was sure.

For a time, Walt sulked, hurt that she should be ready to part with him after all he had done for her. It came hard on old folk, being turned out to grass by the selfish young. But he soon forgave her and would have written a handsome cheque for her wedding present if he had had any left, which he hadn't.

Besides, he had given her a husband, two suitors, a fortune, good looks and his blessing. What else could she expect? THE END

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NEXT WEEK

RESCUE

The drama of one man's battle— with a dead hero

by JOHN DAVIES

You're bound to hiccup soon— but why?

by FRANCIS HITCHING

Gillian Knifton hiccuped for three months. In vain she had her appendix out—and tried breathing into a bag

Doctors are baffled, yet there are more than two hundred homely cures. They all work—sometimes

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Gillian Knifton started hiccuping on April 11, 1957 . . . and didn't stop until the middle of July. From her home in Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, she went to visit fifteen doctors.

In their attempts to cure her, they removed her appendix, froze nerves in her chest, injected her with tranquillizing drugs and made her breathe carbon monoxide. All of these remedies failed.

Meanwhile, she received nearly 1,500 letters from sympathisers in fourteen countries where her case received publicity. Suggestions included eating a mixture of soot and margarine and being hung upside down by her ankles.

Finally her parents decided that her hiccups were due to overwork—she had been studying for examinations. During a three-week holiday in Scotland, she began to replace the ten pounds weight she lost during her illness and the hiccups gradually subsided. After she had returned home they stopped during tea one day, three months and two days after the attack started. Today she is free of them.

Once a second

Her case, though unusual, was by no means unique. Hiccuping is one of the world's most common afflictions, and one of the most puzzling. Doctors estimate that every year, at least one thousand people in Britain have an attack of hiccups lasting twenty-four hours or more, and almost everybody has a slight attack. There are more than two hundred recognized cures. None is effective in all cases, and some cases are apparently incurable.

Jack O'Leary, a young American shop assistant, started hiccuping when he ruptured his appendix. Apart from two temporary respites, he hiccuped once a second for ten years.

Towards the end of the second World War, an American singer had an attack of hiccups which reduced her weight to four stone eleven pounds.

An American Army doctor, who claimed to be able to cure hiccups by deadening a nerve, was flown a thousand miles across the United States to treat her. His cure succeeded only temporarily. The hiccups stopped, but ever since she has had spasmodic attacks.

In 1951, Fred Ramsden, of Shipley, Yorkshire, received 125 suggested cures during his attack of hiccups which lasted nine months.

One night, his situation as a healthy man crippled by such an ailment suddenly struck him as funny. He burst out laughing, and the hiccups stopped. But soon they returned—and five weeks later he was dead.

The difficulty in treating hiccups is that although doctors know what happens inside the human chest during a spasm they often do not know why the spasm starts.

A hiccup occurs when the diaphragm contracts abruptly, causing an inrush of air to the lungs, followed by a sudden closure of the vocal chords which produces the "hic" sound.

The sources of the irritations which can cause the diaphragm to contract are widely spread throughout the body.

The diaphragm is connected to six spinal nerves, which lead to the throat, stomach, intestine, liver and other internal organs. An impulse from any of these—such as when they are upset by alcohol or indigestion—may cause a hiccup. Hiccups can also occur if there is direct irritation of the diaphragm, the throat, or the phrenic nerve.

They can be psychological in origin, being a sign of nervous strain or overwork. On at least one occasion hiccups have been caused by a "germ," which irritated the livers of thirty-six people in a New York hospital.

Sometimes they are a symptom of a much worse disease. Continuous hiccups were a sign of the late Pope's severe stomach ailment.

The variety of causes of hiccups has led to the immense range of treatments. The first recorded set of cures is on a tablet inscribed by the Egyptians in about 4000 B.C., when a pharaoh had hiccups. Among the suggestions is a standard cure of today: drinking from the far side of a water container.

Doctors believe that this contorts the body into such a position that the diaphragm is stretched and cannot quickly contract. Similar treatments are to lean over backwards, to stand, back to the wall, looking up at the ceiling, and to hold the breath.

Other ranges of cures were recorded by Plato, who suggested such counter-irritants as tickling the nose, and such shocks as an unexpected slap on the back. Psychologists today say that he was close to their beliefs—that hiccups are often a result of mental upsets, and can be stopped by hypnosis, analysis, or mental shock.

Since Plato's time, the number of recorded cures has risen, though until recently the principle on which they are based has hardly changed.

In 1580, when the word hiccup was first printed—in an apothecary's dictionary, with "hicket" and "hickok" given as alternatives—the cure was to breathe in and out of a sealed bag.

The best cure . . .

Modern drugs have proved no more reliable than household cures. In London hospitals, doctors have used anaesthesia, relaxing drugs and a quinine extract. Xylocaine, a local anaesthetic, alleviated Pope Pius's complaint.

Doctors agree that the best cure is the one which happens to work. Some years ago, eleven-year-old Norma Hine, of Breaston, Derbyshire, had an attack of hiccups at Derby Musical Festival.

The adjudicator told her to put her fingers to her ears and drink a glass of water. She did; the hiccups stopped—and Norma went on to win a silver cup. THE END

Alison's love was a strange, immortal thing. It could even bring her back . . . from the grave

Fair Young

by KENNETH KAY

BROCKDEN JAMES scarcely remembered the name of the village. He knew it was somewhere in Westmorland, hours south of Carlisle. But travel time in the dimmed-out train, which was for ever stopping mysteriously, meant nothing in terms of distance.

Peering glumly through the soot-and-rain-smeared train window, he saw narrow stone houses along a wet, cobblestoned street.

Alison, in her Wrens' greatcoat, was warm and solid against him. There were no seats in the packed compartments and they sat on his duffel bag in the corridor. Outside, a drizzling rain fell. Brock muttered irascibly and heard Alison's easygoing chuckle.

With his sleeve Brock scrubbed a clean patch on the smeared window. At the top of the street, higher than the cramped houses, rose a stone inn with a yellow light shining feebly on a windracked sign. GEORGE AND DRAGON.

"Are we spending the night here?" he groaned.

"There's a war on, darling," said Alison. "Relax. That's why I thought we should leave Lamlash early." They had been staying for three days with Alison's parents on the Isle of Arran. "There are still two days to get to Portsmouth."

"Faster if we walked," growled Brock and, ashamed of his irritation, patted her knee.

She was in the Royal Navy office in Portsmouth to which he was attached as American liaison officer. There were prettier girls around than Alison MacLaren. Indeed, compared to the long-limbed English beauties, she was a little square-hewn in a sturdy Scots pattern; and he had found under her comradely, casual manner a staunch Presbyterian conscience.

She made this clear the night she finally consented to dine in the American officers' mess.

"Mr. James," she had said, a trace of the Scottish "r" in her lilting speech, "I've agreed to come out with you, and I shall. But to be fair I must say that if you're expecting what young Americans generally want, you'll take another girl in my place."

HE blinked, a little embarrassed, because, of course, that was what he did want. But he denied it hotly.

She heard him out gravely. "Then it's all right," she said, "if you're telling the truth. But if you're not, then it will be better for both of us if you make another arrangement."

"But, my God!" he had expostulated, "what do you take me for?" But in the end they went to his mess on her terms and had a splendid evening. After a dozen more splendid evenings in the next three weeks, in which he was cross a few times, utterly outraged once, and learned that she packed a punch with solid Scots muscle behind it, Brock found himself hopelessly in love.

So now, sitting on his bag in the stranded train, everything was settled and excellent between Brockden James and his Alison MacLaren. All that waited, was the success of the Overlord invasion, a quick end to Hitler's war and after that the Japanese one. Then Brock meant to take his bride home to Rahway, New Jersey, where his father manufactured radio sets.

As the long minutes dragged by, Brock's impatience mounted.

"This is ridiculous," he said disgustedly. "Come on, let's get off."

"Let's do what?"

"Get off!" he snapped. "Bail out!"

"Why, whatever for?"

He gestured irritably. "To get something to eat, if nothing else."

"But suppose the train leaves?"

"It's never going to leave. And even if it does there'll be another one along some day. Come on!"

Alison shrugged. "Och," she said, laughing, "you're daft."

ON a damp spring evening Brockden James, the thirty-eight year old vice-president of the James Television Corporation, of Rahway, New Jersey, was driving a hired car east across Westmorland. There were two bedrooms reserved in a Windermere hotel, but in some stupid fashion he had taken a wrong turning and was now miles off his course.

If anything had been needed to heighten his annoyed frustration, getting lost in Westmorland would have done it. He had never wanted to see the place again, had never wanted to see the U.K. again, though he could not explain why to his wife. He had tried to take Rosalind to the Continent for their European vacation, but she had this thing in her head about seeing Scotland. In ten years of marriage Brock had rarely talked Roz out of anything.

He drove in sulky silence, ignoring her bright chatter. Until their month-long holiday together he had never appreciated the blessing it was to have an office to get away to each morning.

The road bent south and the railway line from the north came curving beside it. At once Brock sensed an uneasy familiarity in the loom of the moors. He fidgeted uncomfortably. The black road lifted and the railway dropped, running level through a cut. From the hilltop Brock saw stone houses clustered in a notch beside a small railway station where the line crossed the road.

Something seemed to explode in his brain. He coasted into the cobbled single street of the moor village, stopped the car and under a sudden weight of anguish, lowered his head.

"Why, Brock!" said Roz. "What's the matter?"

He blinked at the polite concern on her dark and vivid face. "What did you say?"

"I asked what's the matter. Are you ill? What is it, Brock?"

"Look up the street," he said huskily, not daring to raise his eyes. "Is there an old stone inn called the George And Dragon?"

"Why, Brock!" she exclaimed. "This is amazing. I didn't know you knew this part of England."

"I don't," he said unsteadily. "I spent a night here once, that's all. I—I don't want to talk about it."

He put the car in gear, but a weakness assailed him. He shut his eyes. *Oh, Alison, Alison, my lost love; Alison. . . .*

"Look, Roz," he said with difficulty, "I want to stay here tonight. At that inn."

She stared. "Here? With reservations at Windermere?"

He struggled for calmness. "Roz. Please. I said I want to stay here."

She was affronted. "What is this?" she asked coldly. "Is this something to do with that girl? The one you knew over here in the war?"

He did not answer. Doggedly, with stony eyes, Brock drove into the courtyard of the George And Dragon and went to find the manager. . . .

ALISON said, laughing: "Och, you're daft." She rose docilely, and followed Brock when he opened the train door and leaped out into darkness and misting rain.

They were half-way up the cobbled street when the locomotive whistled derisively, coughed up a plume of smoke and lurched out of the station.

Brock grinned sheepishly. "My life's a history of bad guesses. Well, let's see what they can do for us at the inn."

Under the swinging sign of the George And Dragon he rang the bell a long time before the door opened. An old woman with her hands under her apron eyed them distastefully. "And what would you be wantin' this time of night?"

"Supper," said Brock, good naturedly. "We're famished."

She sniffed. "Supper, is it? Ah well, it's a public house."

"When's the next train for London?"

"Six in the morning, if it's on time, which it hasna been for two years."

"Then I guess you'll have to put us up for the night," said Brock.

"You're a Yank," said the old woman accusingly, and swept Alison with a contemptuous glance. "You're no wed?"

"No," began Alison, "but——"

"There'll be no hanky-panky under my roof," said the woman sternly. "I'll give you beds, but in separate rooms on separate floors, and I'll have no tippytoeing oop and down stairs."

Brock flushed angrily, but before he could speak Alison had faced the old woman calmly and in a broader Scots than he had heard her use before explained that they were pledged, but not yet wed, and certainly they wanted separate rooms if the lady would be so kind.

The woman cocked her head. "Ah, now. You're a Scottish lassie."

"Aye," said Alison, smiling. "Of Arran."

"My mister was Ayrshire, rest his bones. Well, come along in then."

THEY ate in a chilly second-floor lounge. There seemed to be no other guests at the George And Dragon. The woman brought bread, cheese, half a cold pie and a tankard of beer for Brock. In front of Alison she put a glass of hot milk. "There," she said approvingly, "that will warm you."

"This is lovely," said Alison.

Brock grinned and raised his tankard in salute. "Glad now that train ran off and left us. This is all right, huh?"

The old woman beamed at Alison. "So you'll be going there to live?"

"Aye," said Alison. "When the war is over."

The old woman cocked her head, her eye bright as a robin's. "You're certain you'll be wantin' two rooms?"

Alison blushed. "Quite certain."

"Ah, well," said the old woman, almost regretfully, "you know what's best for you. Well, I'll say goodnight."

When she was gone, Brock laughed. "Why, that old—romanticist! What happened to that stuff she gave us at the door about hanky-panky?"

"Hush," said Alison reprovingly. "She's sweet. . . ."

Brock's bed was lumpy and damply chill in a room cold as any funeral vault. Once he got up, smoked two cigarettes he did not want and should have saved, staring out of his window at the moon-shadowed moors. The rain had stopped. Shivering, he returned to bed and at last fell asleep.

The creak of his door latch waked him with a start. A pale figure crossed the room and a warm palm covered his lips.

"Brock," said Alison in a voice of deepest sorrow. "Brock, darling. My poor, poor Brock."

He was alarmed and perplexed. "Alison! What are you doing here?"

She sobbed and clung to him.

"Alison! Alison, baby! What is it?"

"I'm going to die," she said brokenly. "I waked in that cold, black room and knew it. I'm fey."

"You're what?"

"Fey." She shuddered and burrowed

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

Ghost

Her pale figure came
into his room. "Darling,"
she sobbed. "We'll
never marry . . ."

THE VISIBLE SPRING

In February we begin to see
The blackbird's movements that the winter missed,
The sudden dash from elder bough to tree,
The spreading tail, the wings' emphatic twist.

And as he goes, as sharp in flight as black,
As sharp in black as in his two-edged cry,
The whole familiar feel of spring is back
As green as fingers under April sky.

This is no forecast, this authentic dart
Of shining jet across the hedge's grey.
The twigs are stripped of leaves for leaves to start.
Spring is not of tomorrow but today.

J. PHOENICE

Fair young ghost

continued from page 18

into his arms. "I can tell the future. It's a thing the island Scots know. I'm to die. Soon. I felt the ice clutch my heart. We'll never marry." The bitter tears rained down.

"Now, now," said Brock bewilderedly, soothing and petting her. "You had a bad dream, that's all."

She shook her head obstinately and pushed under the bed covers, straining against him frantically, shaking, weeping. Baffled, Brock smoothed her hair and shoulders. Slowly the shivering and sobbing ceased. Alison lay still.

ALISON said in a doomed, dead voice: "This is all we're to have. Tonight is all. Tonight is the only marriage we will have."

"This is all wrong," he protested. "You'll feel differently in the morning. You'll be fine tomorrow."

"Don't deny me," she said stubbornly. "Tonight is all there will ever be." Then she seized him frenziedly and overbore his weakening protests with wild, wet kisses.

When the old woman woke Brock with tea in a five-o'clock blackness Alison was gone. On the long trip south that day she did not mention the night. A detached calmness possessed her, a remoteness.

By the time they reached Portsmouth, Brock was wild with perplexity and frustration, and it was Alison who soothed him. She said that in the years ahead he was not to let her memory divide him from the living world. She stopped his agonized pleading with chaste, cool lips and said that he was to be happy. That if he was unhappy she would know it and be unhappy too.

The next day orders detached Brock to a destroyer in the Mediterranean. He never returned to England. An early V1 found Alison in its path, and her mother wrote that there was not even a grave he could have visited.

BROCK said hesitantly: "I wonder if we could have two rooms. My wife's a little—not too well just now, and needs privacy."

"If you're staying the one night only I can accommodate you," said the owner of the George And Dragon—a man named Milbank, about Brock's age but with a navy-style beard.

"That's all right. We're going to Windermere in the morning. Could I send a telegram to my hotel there?"

"Of course, Mr. James. Perhaps first, though, you'd like to bring your lady in."

Milbank walked out to the car with him, Brock already beginning to regret his inexplicable impulse.

What had made him stop? he thought glumly. What did he expect to find—Alison's ghost? His own ghost? The ghost of that twenty-three year old boy? The ghost of happiness?

Milbank's cheery voice startled him. "Hope you don't mind ghosts, Mrs. James. Your husband said you were feeling a bit nervy."

"Nervy?" said Roz, frowning at Brock. "Ghosts?" she asked delightedly.

"Well, one ghost," said Milbank, smiling. "Never seen her myself. But I can't keep chambermaids. They're forever spotting her as she flits down the corridors at night, a fair young ghost, wringing her hands, weeping bitterly." He laughed. "I don't take it seriously, of course."

But Brock's hand shook slightly as he signed the register. . . .

They dined silently in a room bright with burnished copper, and after coffee Roz smiled mockingly. "I think you're utterly asinine," she said, "and I'm sure you'll never tell me why you chose to stop here. But if it was to annoy me, you failed. It's a lovely old place and I'll sleep extremely well. Good night dear." She rose. "By the way, Brock, I'm not in the least afraid of ghosts."

"Aren't you?" said Brock wearily. "Aren't you, Roz? Well, I am."

After she went up, he walked through the village by twilight, thinking of Alison, of what it had been to be happy and young and in love.

WHEN he got back, he went down to the bar, in a dreary mood, wanting a drink.

"I've a feeling about you, Mr. James," Milbank said, as he served him. "A strong feeling that we've met before. It's something about the war, I fancy."

"Well, I had liaison duty with one of your admirals in Portsmouth."

"There!" said Milbank. "I knew you'd been a sailor. Navy myself. It wasn't Portsmouth I saw you, though. Were you ever in the Med?"

"Matter of fact, I was," said Brock slowly. "Destroyer duty. The Massingale."

Milbank clapped his hands sharply. "The Massingale! Oh, by heaven, this is too much! Tell me, do you recollect hauling a poor, oil-soaked devil of a lieutenant-commander over your sides one morning, fellow off a torpedoed corvette?"

Brock stared. "Was that you? Are you the guy we put aboard that British hospital ship?"

"As ever was," said Milbank, grinning hugely. "My good friend and one-time rescuer, this calls for a drink. Did you ever taste Navy-issue rum—Nelson's blood?"

"Sure did," said Brock, grinning too.

The quiet lounge became the most cheerful room, it seemed to Brock, that he had known since the war.

UNDER the influence of rum and Milbank's pleasant company, and after the worse-than-solitary month with Rosalind, he found himself reminiscing about the war. The hours passed and the rum crock grew lighter. Brock heard himself saying that the war had been the best thing that would ever occur in the lives of men who were in it.

Milbank stroked his brown beard.

"People who weren't in it don't know," said Brock argumentatively. "Don't un'erstand how things were. Take my wife—well, never mind. But they don't un'erstand."

Milbank stared into his tankard. "Perhaps. Thought so myself for a while. But you can't just shut them out because of it. Not their fault, you know. It's not that they don't want to understand. I've a young wife, too. Excuse me. Ought not bring up personal affairs. If it's a fair show, marriage—well, you absolutely must take your wife into all you've done and been. We went on the rocks, nearly, before I learned that. Excluding them, you see, letting them feel left out—well, it just won't do."

Brock scowled. "Never thought of it—not like that." The syllables sounded thick as he spoke them. "Worth thinking about." He stood up, a shade unsteadily, said good night and went thoughtfully to bed.

He lay there, unable to sleep. He supposed he had closed Roz out. Hadn't meant to, exactly, but when it came to the war he hadn't wanted to talk to her. The pain of Alison's loss, he'd never told her that. He'd mentioned once about there having been a girl; once and never again, but Roz hadn't forgotten. Nor forgiven, he suspected.

Whatever he did now, it was too late. Brock finally fell asleep.

He waked to a sensation of acute sorrow. The room was black dark except for the pale shape of the window. What had induced this deep melancholy, this grief beyond hope?

Then he heard it again and shuddered. Heard it and remembered now hearing it in his dream.

Somewhere outside his door, a woman was weeping. He had never heard a sound so pathetic, so heartbroken, the weeping of uttermost despair. But not quite human. . . .

Suddenly Brock's scalp prickled. Superstitious nonsense, he told himself sternly. It was the wind.

But through his window he could see the stars of a still, fine night.

The weeping rose higher, might have been just beyond his door. He sat upright in bed and, noiselessly, his door swung open.

"My God," Brock whispered as a pale, woman's figure formed in his doorway.

"Oh, Brock!" cried Rosalind in a pitying voice, "did you hear it? Did you hear that poor, lost creature?"

She ran across the room, in her nightgown, and clung to him. She began sobbing, the self-possessed Rosalind, sobbing. "Did you hear her? That poor, brokenhearted girl?" Her arms tightened about him. "I'm ashamed," said Rosalind. "Deeply ashamed. It's wicked of me not to be happy, to let you be unhappy, with all that we have. In a world that can hold that kind of sorrow, her sorrow, it's wicked, Brock. Sorrow such as I never dreamed anyone could feel."

The agonized sound of weeping in the corridor outside faltered, died out. Uncertainly, Brock began stroking Rosalind's hair. "It was just the wind," he said unsteadily.

"It wasn't wind," she said, burrowing into his arms. "You know it wasn't. Brock, I never stopped loving you, not really. Brock, can we try to be happy again?"

The sound of weeping in the corridor had ceased. Brock had a curious notion they would not hear it again.

"We can try," he said shakily, and drew Roz to him. "I'd like to try. It's been my fault, all of it. I haven't been fair. . . ."

She closed his mouth with her lips. "No. It's my fault. All of it. Brock, will you let me come to bed with you?"

In the morning, Milbank looked pale, but his smile was cheerful as ever. "Well, you people still planning to leave us this morning?"

Roz coloured slightly. "It's such a lovely old inn," she said. "Could we stay on a day or two?"

Milbank fondled his beard. "I've only the one room, you know."

Roz blushed. "That's all right. I'm not—nervous any more."

IN the following February, Brockden James received a letter from Alan Milbank confirming his requested reservation for two bedrooms at the George And Dragon the last week of April.

"*. . . putting a fine old rosewood baby crib for the little one,*" wrote Milbank, "*and are looking forward with delight to seeing the three of you.*

"*Things here are much as you left them with one rather startling difference. The point is, I haven't lost a chambermaid since your visit. . . .*"

Brock grinned and put the letter in his pocket to show Roz at the hospital. He glanced at his watch and rose hurriedly. It was just twenty minutes before visiting hours at the maternity ward and he was anxious to see Roz and little Alison MacLaren James. He thought that was a fine name for a newborn baby girl. Being of vaguely Scottish descent herself, Roz thought it was a fine name, too. Anyway, she wasn't in the least jealous of any girl Brock had known in the war.

By now she hadn't any reason to be, either.

THE END

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NEXT WEEK

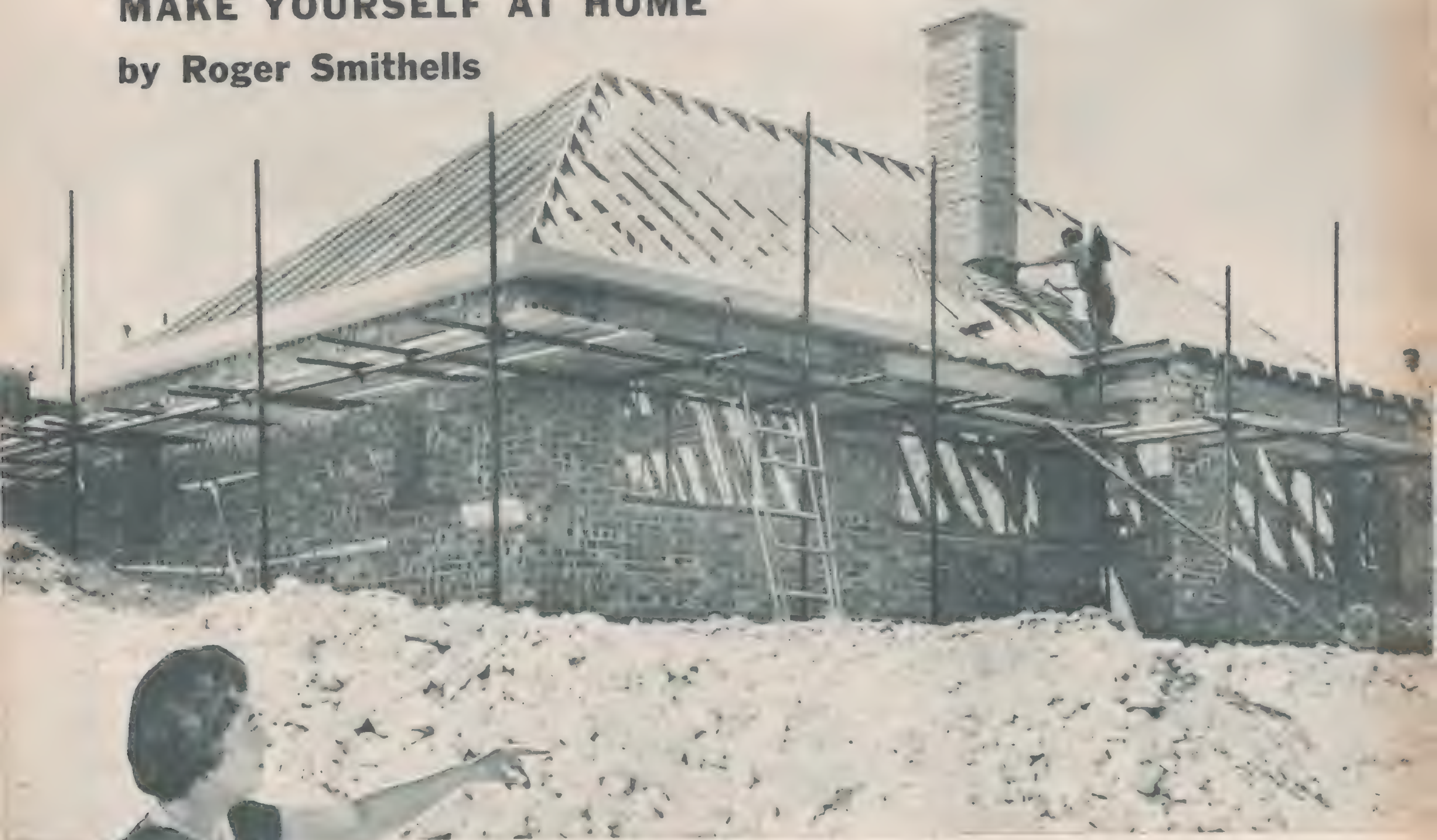
THE INCORRUPTIBLE TAILOR

Brilliant new story

by GERALD KERSH

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

by Roger Smithells



All my own work...

said Mrs. Fearnley proudly, watching her new bungalow rising from the Dorset soil. Now you can build to her design or seventy-six others for which working plans are available to the owner-builder

Do you ever long to build a house of your own? Sooner or later most home-makers feel the urge. It looks so easy to arrange three bedrooms, a living-room, kitchen, bathroom, just as you would like them. In fact it is not easy at all and mistakes are all too simple to make. When you've made your ideal plan you're quite likely to find there's no room for the staircase. If you decide to build your own house you take on a big, exciting job.

Mrs. William Fearnley's professional knowledge as interior consultant to a furnishing firm enabled her to tackle this job and make a success of it. Her three children are away at school most of the year. She wanted a place where the whole family could spend the holidays and enjoy each other's company without having to cope with too many household chores. So she set to work to make her own design of a really labour-saving home, deciding on a bungalow.

Mrs. Fearnley found a site in Dorset with a view of the sea. She roughed out her idea of the house and sent her sketches to a firm of specialists, who drew up professional plans for submission to the local council and a complete specification to tender to local builders.

The firm were so much impressed by the plan that they arranged to include it in the Planahome book of house plans which they produce. This book contains pictures and plans of seventy-seven professionally designed houses, ranging in cost from £1,610 to £6,150, and in area from 564 to 2,050 sq. ft. Mrs. Fearnley's house is around the £3,250 mark. These

The sitting end of the living-room, with the Modernfold wall drawn across to separate it from the dining section. The big Purbeck stone fireplace dominates the room and makes a striking contrast with the dark blue wallpaper on the wall behind it. The Greaves & Thomas "Bodyline" chair is upholstered in dark blue to match the studio couch, which is in blue and acid yellow, and converts to a comfortable double bed at night. There is a capacious linen drawer underneath. This pelmet, and others in the house, are made from inverted skirting boards—a novel and effective idea. The floor is of grey mottled lino tiles covered with a red carpet, with a red, black and yellow Readicut wool hearthrug, which Mrs. Fearnley made herself, in front of the fireplace

prices are approximate and do not include cost of land.

Looking through this book you, a home-builder, can study a great variety of plans at leisure, comparing the merits of each and finally choosing the design which fits family needs and budgets. For 18 guineas you can buy six complete sets of building plans and specifications for your chosen house. In addition to the plans and specifications, you receive the Planahome Procedure Recommendations, giving you advice and guidance on such things as securing town planning and by-law approvals, your building contract, etc.

Although Mrs. Fearnley's bungalow only has a floor area of 1,103 sq. ft., it caters for all the needs of a large family. There is a big living-dining-room, two bedrooms, one large, one small—a study which can double as a bedroom when the house is full, kitchen, bathroom and plenty of built-in cupboards for clothes.

The living-room is dominated by a huge Purbeck stone fireplace. One end of the big room (24 ft. 9 in. by 14 ft.) is devoted to dining, and can be separated from the living section by a grey plastic Modernfold concertina-style wall. There is a french window leading from the dining end to the garden.

The kitchen is lined with modern fitments, has walls of easily cleaned plastic-coated hardboard. It is linked to the dining-room by a hatch with a wide Formica-covered counter at which the family breakfast. When not in use, the hatch is closed with a venetian blind.

Space-saving bunks

The study-bedroom and the other small bedroom are arranged as single and double rooms respectively. The largest bedroom (21 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.) was planned by Mrs. Fearnley for the children and young guests. It has been arranged as sleeping accommodation for five, by using bunks which can be built up in pairs one on top of the other, or arranged separately. The front part of the room, divided from the back by a Modernfold concertina wall, forms a playroom by day, but makes a separate bedroom for a young guest at night. With a seaside home, Mrs. Fearnley has many guests in summer and she tells me that with the double studio couch in the sitting-room, she can accommodate nine people comfortably in the house. This is a miracle when you consider its modest size.

Hot water is supplied by a 50-gallon Sadia electric storage heater housed in a cupboard in the nursery with an airing cupboard above. Room heating is by electric oil-filled, thermostatically controlled radiators and Radisil infra-red wall fires.

The outside of the house, which is set in a third of an acre of high ground, with a beautitul view across the bay to Poole, is rendered with pink stone paint over inexpensive brickwork. The roof is of Cotswold grey roof tiles, and the house is surrounded by a paved terrace and a Purbeck stone wall. Mrs. Fearnley chose wisely and the approximate cost of all the new furniture was £350.

Sketch plans of the house and seventy-six others in the book which I have mentioned can be had by writing to Planahome, 4-5 King Street, Richmond, Surrey. The book costs 10s., and if you mention that you are a JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED reader, it will be sent post free.

The sleeping end of the nursery. The linoleum, which is black with blue and yellow dots, provides the theme for the colour scheme. The walls are blue, lampshades red and yellow, and the Fraser bunk beds have matching red and yellow and blue candlewick covers. The built-in yellow Formica dressing table fitment on the right does double duty as a desk during the day

The kitchen. The walls are covered with Rynalite hardboard panels. These have a washable p.v.c. covering in a green, blue and white design. The kitchen fitments are matching green, the floor is grey mottled lino tiles, and the work-tops are red Formica. The broom cupboard has a double door which conceals a drop-down ironing board

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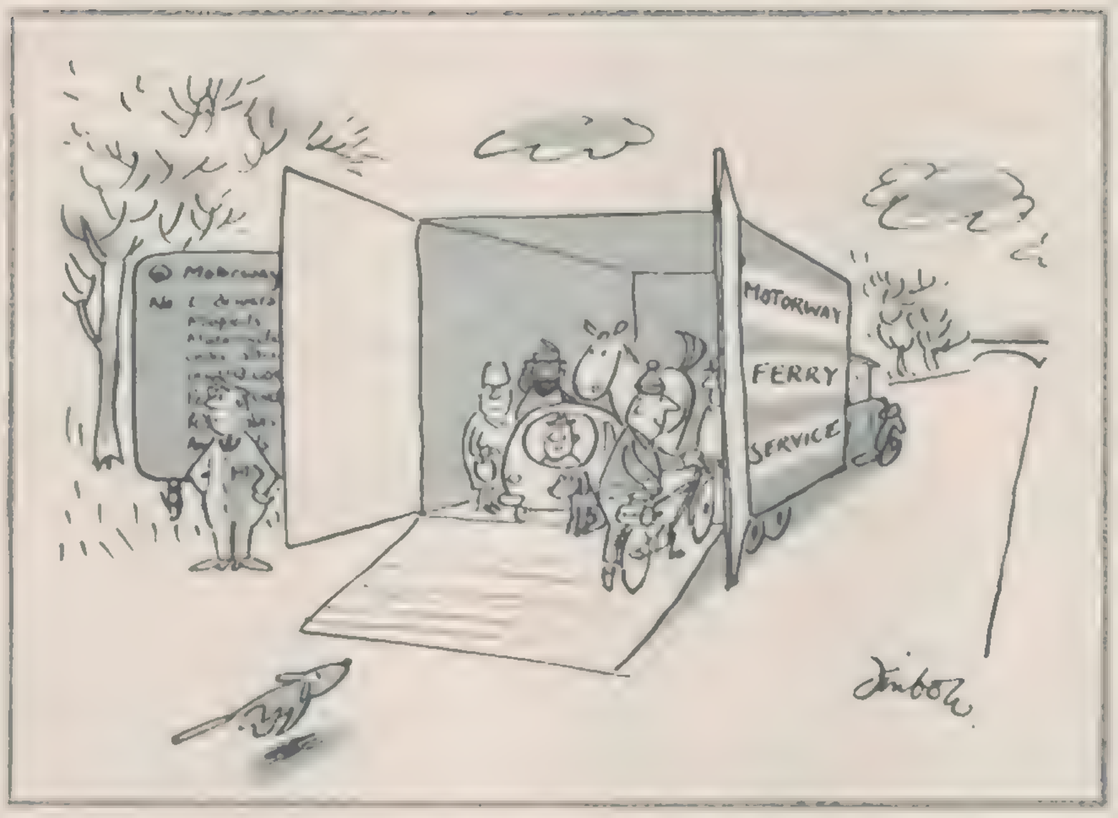

Murder on my mind

continued from page 10

the wall at the bottom of the yard like a monkey and disappeared. I wasn't far behind. But when I poised myself on top of the wall I discovered there was a drop of about twenty feet on the other side. Nothing else for it. Down I went into the flower-beds, to stumble up and see Wright vanish into the kitchen doorway of a house.

I shot through, to face a white-faced housewife with her hand to her mouth.

No time to explain. I raced through the house and out the front door. There was Wright calmly strolling along, like a prosperous business man going late to the office.

I shouted to a passing motorist. He was quick on the uptake. He wheeled me ahead of my man and round the first turning. I tumbled out of the car. When Wright saw me facing him again he aimed a flying kick at my stomach.

A brutal struggle

We grappled in what was to be one of the most brutal fights of my police career. Wright was fresh from the toughening work of the Dartmoor quarries—and had no intention of going back. He struggled like a madman, using every vile grip and blow he knew.

Arsenal were playing a Cup-tie that afternoon and early queues were forming up alongside the ground in the distance.

With what breath I had left I yelled at the top of my lungs: "Help! Man robbed woman's handbag!"

Four big men hurried up and fell on top of Wright and myself. They were welcome. Two uniformed officers, who had sensed the crowd's excitement, joined the group in the roadway. They helped me to hustle Wright along to Highbury Vale Police Station, where Dawson had already taken his son.

I went back with Dawson to the garage and then to the house rented by the father and son. From between the two premises we recovered more than £5,000 worth of stolen property.

Young Wright was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. His father received a similar term—and five extra years' preventive detention as an habitual criminal.

I was promoted to detective-sergeant and sent to Penge. The transfer from the excitement of the Flying Squad to this quiet area of south London was hard to bear.

Later, after being transferred to Highbury Vale, one of the biggest feathers in my cap was catching a forger feared by the Bank of England. He was William Reynolds, a distinguished-looking man nearing seventy.

It was just about the wettest night of that particular winter. A colleague dropped over from Holloway Police Station and we went out for a glass of beer. We were splashing through the puddles when I caught the eye of an old man in the doorway of a baker's shop. He looked like a recent Criminal Record Office photograph of Reynolds, who was wanted for forging £5, £1 and ten-shilling notes.

"That's Reynolds, the forger, or his double," I said to my companion. "Let's stop and chat to him."

"You're balmy. Come on out of the wet."

"You go on. I'll see you later."

One shadower was better than two with so astute a suspect as Reynolds. I ducked into the next alley without waiting for an answer. I was certain the man was Reynolds. Or almost certain.

A ten-shilling note, beautifully forged, had turned up in a shop at nearby Drayton Park some days before, and I knew the authorities were worried.

I shadowed my man to Finsbury Park Underground station and was just in time to see him buy his ticket and disappear to ground. I flashed my warrant card at a startled ticket inspector and exchanged my sodden trilby and raincoat for his peaked cap and black overcoat. There was no time for a fitting. Temporary Inspector Narborough (of the Underground) went down the platform, silly little cap perched on his big head and a coat flapping down around his wet ankles.

I moved towards Reynolds as he eyed my cap and coat. "I'm a police officer," I warned him. "I intend to take you into custody as a suspected person, loitering with intent to commit a felony."

"And what particular felony, pray?"

The voice was cultured and low but my pulse jumped.

I could have been wrong, of course. "Just step along to the police station for the details," I said.

"In this weather?"

"Maybe I can stand you a cab. . . ."

Was it a mistake?

We reached the charge-room where I left a sergeant to watch him while I telephoned the divisional detective-inspector at Stoke Newington headquarters. Two senior detectives speeded over by car to tell me I had made the biggest mistake of my police career. "That man is no more Reynolds than I am," said the D.D.I. after a long look through the peep-hole. "You've made a monumental blunder."

I can be very stubborn at times. This was one of them. "I'll take the responsibility," I told the D.D.I., and went back into the charge-room to inform the suspect that I intended to search him.

"Hat and coat, please."

Of course, I found what I wanted. The crinkle of paper from the lining of the waistcoat led to the production of

five forged one-pound notes and two unfinished ten-shilling notes, engraved on one side only.

"You win," he said. "I'm William Reynolds all right. I feel ill. Can I have a drop of my medicine, please? In my coat pocket."

As I made no move, a colleague urged me: "Let the old man have his pick-me-up." I refused. The prisoner must have guessed what was passing through my mind. He shrugged his shoulders wearily. I pulled the rubber stopper from the bottle in the corridor. The contents were prussic acid.

"You've beaten me once more," said the forger. "I was determined I'd never be put behind bars again."

Reynolds got ten years' penal servitude on the Isle of Wight. He died after serving three.

After I was promoted detective-inspector I had to deal with a case that might have led to murder had the criminal not been caught. A nineteen-year-old pupil teacher had been savagely and indecently assaulted in Oxhey Woods on her way home from school.

A sex maniac was at large. I said to my second-in-command, Sergeant Harry Oakes: "If we don't get that rat, Harry, we'll have a murder on our hands. No time off for anybody until he is caught."

Oakes had been middle-weight police champion for three years in succession. The power of his punch was soon to get me out of a difficult situation.

When I saw the girl, badly bruised and scratched and very distressed, I thought bitterly: "How do you single out a sex maniac from Britain's teeming millions?"

THE WEATHER—1

Melancholy often conveys herself to us on an easterly wind.

Joseph Addison

The girl described her attacker as a youngish man with dark hair and a sallow complexion. Because time was vital, I drove over to Watford for a warrant. The petty sessions did not sit until later that week but I knew a local grocer was a Justice of the Peace. I took the oath in his back shop with his Bible in my hand, surrounded by bags of flour, casks of tea and tiers of tinned food.

Oakes and I strolled Oxhey Woods, truncheons down our trouser legs. Day after day passed and nothing happened.

When we saw the man he was sitting on some railings. He was an ordinary-looking chap, dressed in the leisure clothes of the middle class: open-necked shirt, blazer, flannel trousers. The rubber plimsolls seemed a little bit out of place. He teetered on the railings as if about to spring down. We walked towards him.

"That's nothing like him," announced Oakes, a shade too loudly. The man slid from the rails. We flanked him.

"We are police officers," I told him. "Mind telling us what you are doing here?"

He was on holiday. He had been at the local cinema when the girl was assaulted. He remembered the film and the stars. And the story. The answers were too pat. I knew instinctively that he was lying, reeling off a prepared alibi.

"I'm afraid we are not satisfied. You must accompany us to Bushey Police Station where you will take part in an identification parade."

"Who's taking me to any police station?"

"We are."

I claimed one wrist. Oakes grabbed the other.

With a swift up-down-and-outwards movement of his arms he shook us off like a couple of leaking sawdust dolls. He was small, but he was all muscle, just about the strongest man I ever met.

He ran for it, plunging through the undergrowth, with Oakes and myself pounding along behind him. His luck was out. He tripped over the concealed root of a tree and fell headlong. We piled on top.

This was by no means the end. After a violent struggle we dragged him to his feet. He lunged and struggled like a wild animal. There was only one thing to do.

"Put him out," I said to my colleague, the expert boxer.

"Sir?" Short of breath, Oakes still managed to sound shocked.

"Put him out," I gasped again.

Oakes shrugged and whipped over the neatest right hook to the solar plexus I have ever seen. The man dropped to the ground.

Identified by girl

A farmer who had witnessed the fighting flagged a passing patrol car and we took the handcuffed prisoner, still struggling, to Bushey Police Station.

We called for the young girl, while officers rounded up strangers from the streets to help in the identification parade.

There was no doubt in my mind that we had caught the guilty man. There was no hesitation on the girl's part, either. She went straight up to him and pointed.

He was a former physical training instructor in the army, a married man. He pleaded guilty and received a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment at the Old Bailey. It was his first conviction.

I was to remember the incident of Oxhey Woods in the rural calm of Box Copse at Arundel many years later when I was called in to find the murderer of Joan Woodhouse—a sex maniac who *did* kill.

During the war I was appointed divisional detective inspector—one of the youngest ever appointed—and given "L" Division, which included some of the rowdiest areas in London—Brixton, Camberwell, Clapham, Battersea, Walworth and Peckham.

I fought my war in the streets of London, bowing to the official edict that senior officers could serve their country best at home. So I found myself with Mr. Hartley Shawcross in a church hall off Finchley Road, in North-west London. Our job was to screen aliens who had flocked to the Golders Green area. It took six months.

Every time I reach for a cigarette I recall those days with the man who is now Sir Hartley Shawcross. My solid silver case is inscribed "To F.N. from H.W.S. to commemorate a very pleasant association."

Before the armistice put an end to large-scale killing in Europe, a new era involving violent death at home began for me.

In 1945 I joined the Murder Squad. My initiation was sudden and brutal. "Boss-eyed Maisie," a middle-aged street woman, was found battered to death in her Brixton flat with a wooden shillelagh. True, she was unimportant and unmourned, but a capital crime had been committed. The full murder machinery went into action.

© *F. D. Narborough, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: How I went to work on the Arundel murder

"Murder On My Mind" will be published as a book by Allan Wingate in March, price 16s.

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PICTURE GUIDE
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Light on the subject

Lighting fashions change but one thing's certain—we need plenty of table lamps for background light and reading. Here are five fittings to brighten your rooms

A gold anodized aluminium lamp with a traditional look. The base and handle grip are black, and the shade edges to match. 56s. 9d. Hiscock Appleby

A spotlight which would be equally at home in sitting-room or study. The base is black, the flexible arm brass, and the reflector in a choice of colours. 55s. 9d. Hiscock Appleby

A glowing conical lamp for bedside or television viewing by Rotaflex. The shade stands on a black base and is available in several colours. 17 in. high, it costs 38s. 6d.

G.E.C.'s Gaylon table lamp shows a Japanese paper-lantern influence. Top section is available in a choice of three colours, the bottom diffuser is in white to contrast. Price 60s.

Troughton & Young's three-legged table lamp with a pleated shade also owes something to Japan. The legs are natural beech, and the lamp gives a soft light. 78s. 5d.

CONE OF SILENCE

The thrilling new novel by

DAVID BEATY

Joyce unsheathes her claws

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

SLOWLY and gently, the Phoenix —Britain's latest jet airliner— touched down at Calcutta. "Nice landing!" said Clive Judd, the Phoenix route inspector. "Bit low on the approach, though."

George Gort, the veteran pilot, looked at him. "From your running commentary," he said shortly, "I got the opposite idea. . . ."

There was no love lost between the two. Judd thought Gort was too old for jets. He had crashed a Phoenix once, on take-off from Ranjibad. And although Hugh Dallas, the International Airways training captain, had since checked Gort's flying, Judd was far from satisfied.

Edward Manningham, the fleet superintendent, had returned Gort to the jets; a decision that delighted the pilot's daughter, Charlotte. But others were not so pleased. Joyce Mitchell, the stewardess on the plane that had just arrived in Calcutta, hated flying with Gort. And she was intensely jealous of his daughter. She believed—and with some reason—that Dallas was falling in love with Charlotte.

Now, as Gort walked away from the plane with Braddock, his Australian co-pilot, Judd came hurrying after them. He was waving what looked like a bunch of grass.

"They found this stuff round the port wheel," he told Gort. In the bright fluorescent lights his face showed concern. "Looks like we hit the hedge, coming in!"

PART FOUR

AFTER the incident at Calcutta there were several courses of action which Judd, as route inspector, might have taken. The most usual one would have been to wire all details to the management and suggest the suspension of Captain Gort. Or he might have taken over command himself.

But immediately he had said his say, had produced his botanical bunch of evidence, he appeared to forget all about it. He suggested — in the interests of the fleet, no other reason— that Braddock should be given the maximum amount of flying practice possible. Would George mind?

Apparently Gort did not. Anyway, he said nothing against it. In fact he hardly said anything to anyone. Since arriving at Ranjibad yesterday, nobody had seen much of him.

On the other hand, Judd was very much in the limelight. He took Joyce Mitchell out—as businesslike as ever—on their first evening in Ranjibad.

"Make yourself nice and pretty in a cocktail dress," he told her. "Got one with you, I suppose?"

"Oh yes! A red one with a——"

"That'll do," he said.

"If we'll be dancing, I'll wear my shoes with the very——"

"No dancing," he said. "Unless Strickland wants to. And I don't suppose he will."

She paused. She faltered. "Strickland?" she asked.

"Boss of Sind Airways. On the brink of buying Phoenixes."

Uncertainly, Joyce's fingers went up to twist the jade beads round her neck. "Then you want me to——"

"Same set-up. You talk to Missis while I talk to Mister." He showed his white teeth. "Last time, I remember, you did it rather well."

This time she did it even better. Though there was a dance on the patio, wouldn't it be better, she had said—assured, very air hostess-like, getting as reward the slightest nod of approval from Judd—to sit in the lounge bar where they could hear themselves *talk*? There, she had flashed at Mr. Strickland the correct wattage of wide-eyed admiration. Then she settled herself down, a cocktail in her hand, to listen, rapt, to Mrs. Strickland.

Just on eleven, the Stricklands left, after effusive good-byes. Judd seemed pleased. He ordered another round. When the drinks came he put the glass in her hand and said: "Present for a good girl!" He leaned forward. "Expect the crews take you out quite a bit?"

Over the rim of her raised glass the huge eyes seemed to be studying him deliberately. "Not much. You see, in Ranjibad and Singapore . . . usually there's so little time."

Judd nodded. He noticed that her

Captain Gort flew by the book, but there was a menace it didn't mention — the jealousy of a woman he hardly knew

"How can Dallas fail Captain Gort in his test," Joyce flared angrily, "when he's so struck on the man's daughter?" Judd saw that her hands were trembling

foot was keeping time to the waltz they were dancing on the patio. He became suddenly anxious that they were the only people in the lounge, and said: "I'm sorry . . . I'm not a dancing man."

"I don't want to dance." Her voice went so low, it was almost a whisper: "The last time I was here . . . we danced."

Puzzled, he said: "*We?*"

"Not you, Clive." He could hardly hear the next words: "I don't ever want to dance here again."

"Oh," he said. "What's the matter with the place?"

"It isn't the place." She looked up at him now. Icily cold, she said: "It was the person."

"The person you were with?"

She nodded. "Captain Dallas."

"Oh . . . Hugh Dallas, eh?" He remembered now hearing some story of Dallas's name being linked with one of the stewardesses. "You go out quite a lot with him, don't you?"

"I did . . . till that night."

"Oh." Obviously, Judd thought, there'd been some trouble here. But he was not used to being at the receiving end of girlish confidences. He looked at his watch. Abruptly he said: "We'd better get mobile."

As though galvanized into action she picked up her almost untouched cocktail.

"No need to gulp it," he said.

She seemed more composed now. In a more normal voice she said: "I'm glad that you came along with us on this trip."

"Oh?" He looked at her more kindly. "Any special reason?"

"Because . . . I shouldn't say this, I know"—she started to fiddle with a gold bangle she was wearing on her thin, right wrist—"but it's because Captain Gort isn't doing the flying."

His dark eyebrows drew nearer together. Very coldly, he warned her: "Because Captain Gort happened to have an accident, stewardesses shouldn't jump to conclusions about his flying."

Defiantly she said: "I just have a feeling, when Captain Gort's flying, that something's going to happen."

"Then you can forget it. It won't. Captain Gort had a very thorough check before coming back on the line."

There was a long pause. Then she said: "Captain Dallas gave it to him, didn't he?"

"Of course."

She leaned right across the table. "Then he didn't have a thorough check."

"How d'you know? Check pilot, are you? You weren't even on the aircraft."

He noticed that her hands on the table were shaking. Her whole body was trembling. Tears were falling down her cheeks. "He couldn't fail him," she said. "He *couldn't* fail Captain Gort."

"Why not?"

"Because of the daughter! There's a blonde daughter!" The words came out with a sudden stark anger. "How can Dallas fail Captain Gort in his test . . . when he's so struck on the man's daughter?"

"Struck?" Judd knew Gort had a daughter. That was all. "How d'you know?"

"I've seen her. I've seen them together. And he's always going round to the Gorts'."

Judd studied her carefully. He said what soothing words he could think of to her, while behind the mask of his face his calculating machine had started to tick over. He was impressed with her sincerity: the story had the mark of truth. And the story certainly explained Dallas's intransigent attitude.

"Anyway," he said finally, "don't worry about the trip to England tomorrow. Because *I* shall be coming with you."

Those words seemed to comfort her. She became much more in possession of herself. The moisture dried up in the indigo eyes. The bright-red lipsticked mouth even managed a pale smile at him, as he helped her—a most unusual gallantry for Judd—into her taxi for the hotel. . .

When they got back to London, Judd went to see the fleet superintendent. "Hallo, Edward," he said, as he walked into the office.

Manningham said: "Hallo, Clive. Take a seat."

Carefully hitching up his trousers, Judd sat in the chair on the other side of the superintendent's desk.

"Back early, aren't you?" inquired Manningham.

Judd's eyes looked at him significantly. "I expect you can guess why."

"In this job . . . I gave up guessing a long time ago."

"You knew I went out to check pilot operation on the route? Well . . . first, I checked Leyland." He paused. "Very good."

"I'm glad."

"Next . . . I checked Gort." He paused again—a longer pause this time. "Unsatisfactory . . . I'm afraid."

Manningham said evenly: "In what way?"

"He came in too low at Calcutta. Dangerously low."

"So you feel he should be suspended?"

Judd hesitated. "Well . . . of course, that's for *you* to say, Edward. Your pigeon. I wouldn't want to——" He stopped, and waited for Manningham to say something.

The fleet superintendent said curtly: "Well, he's not going out for a week, so we've got a fair amount of time to sort this thing out. I'll get hold of Dallas and see what he says."

He saw the training captain after lunch and told him what Judd had said.

Dallas said: "How does Judd know George came in dangerously low? Approaches vary. If he was coming in on the short runway there . . . his approach *should* have been low."

Manningham admitted that. He looked a little more cheerful. "Then there's the question of temperaments . . . Judd and George in the same cockpit together——"

Dallas grunted. "Must have been a teddy bears' picnic!"

"And then, of course, Judd has done no instructing."

"None," Dallas said decisively. "He doesn't know what to look for."

"I hope *you* do," Manningham said, with a wry attempt at humour. "Judd seemed to be quite sure——"

"And I've got to be quite sure it isn't a question of someone's face not fitting. If what Judd says is true, obviously we must do something. But I want to see a bit more evidence before I'm persuaded."

Next day, again in the fleet superintendent's office, having been informed of Dallas's attitude, Judd sighed, said he had never wanted to bring it up, protested he wouldn't have mentioned it again if his hand hadn't been forced.

Then he opened his brief-case and laid on Manningham's desk a little bundle of dry and thorny stalks.

Back in his office, after a lunch he could hardly remember eating, Manningham stood with his hands in his pockets staring out of the window. He was obsessed with the problem of George Gort. And he was getting no nearer a solution.

Moodily he walked back to his desk, almost as though it might help him, and sat there tapping the top of it absentmindedly with his pencil. His secretary came in and said: "I'm sorry, but Captain Braddock wondered whether you could spare a few moments."

The Australian came in red-faced and frowning. "It's about my Phoenix training," he said, sitting himself awkwardly in the chair that Manningham offered him.

"How are you getting on with it? All right?"

"I *was*. No aircraft now. Very irritating . . .I'll forget all I learned."

"Nothing we can do about it, I'm afraid," Manningham said. "Captain Dallas will have told you . . . he can't even get aircraft for checks. They're tied up at Atlas with tests of their

KEEP THIS

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and methods for jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 19

How to make
HALVING JOINTS

An earlier handyman guide showed six of the basic wood joints. Here in greater detail are the basic principles for marking out and cutting the pieces for one of these joints. Future handyman guides will deal with other joints, and the correct use of the tools needed to make them. Good joints are essential for the successful building of strong, workmanlike constructions. If care is taken, and tools are correctly used, accurate joints can easily be made.

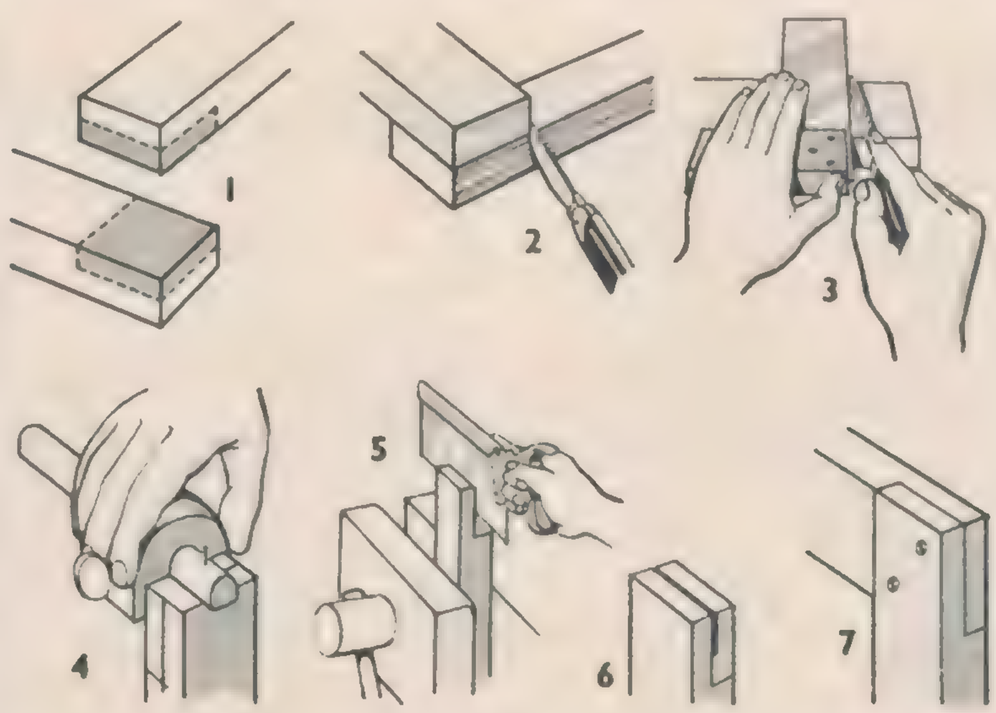


Diagram 1 shows the part of each piece of wood to be cut out to make the joint. The two pieces to be cut away are identical. 2. Lay one piece across the end of the other and mark its width with a knife. 3. Using a try square, clearly mark this width right across the piece. 4. To mark the sides and end of the piece, set a gauge to half the thickness of the wood. Test it for accuracy by putting the gauge against one face, and making a mark, and then doing the same from the other face. If the two marks do not coincide, reset the gauge to mark between them, until they coincide exactly. Scribe a line across the end and down the sides. Mark the short line across the sides with a try square, using the line across the face as a guide. Repeat the marking out on the second piece of wood. Indicate on each which piece is to be cut out. 5. Start sawing from the end, keeping the cut on the "waste side" of the line, (6) that is the side of the piece that is being cut out. Cut across the piece to remove the waste part, again cutting on the waste side. If this is done accurately and carefully on both pieces, the two halves will fit exactly. If they do not, slight adjustments can easily be made by paring with a chisel. Join the two halves of the joint with glue and screws countersunk in the positions shown in diagram 7.

It's an idea

DETACHABLE BEDHEAD

This week's idea for modernizing an open rail bedhead comes from Mr. A. Gallon, 40 Newlyn Road, Woodseats, Sheffield, 8, who wins a guinea prize. Mr. Gallon made his detachable headboard from plywood edged with beading and covered with patterned wallpaper. The upholstered version shown here gives added luxury. The back view shows how the bedhead is fixed with swivel catches which grip the rails firmly.

Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.

Cone of silence

continued from previous page

own." He went on with the usual syrup talk that he could now do almost in his sleep. He told Braddock that he was getting valuable experience down the route, and just as soon as a Phoenix was available——

The Australian smiled ruefully. "Looks like another trip as third pilot."

"You've just done one with Captain Gort, haven't you?"

"Gort and Judd."

Deliberately slowly, Manningham asked: "Didn't Captain Gort hit the hedge coming in to land at Calcutta?"

"Well. . . ." The Australian hesitated. "Bit more in it than that."

"What?"

All Braddock did was to clear his throat. He was looking almost purple with embarrassment. It was obvious that the conversation had acquired a flavour of tales-out-of-school.

Manningham said: "The incident has come to my notice. Obviously some action must be taken. As Captain Gort was in command——"

"It wasn't his fault."

"Why not?"

"Judd kept on at him . . . warning him about the short runway . . . that was the first thing. Then he kept on telling him how to do the approach. Needling him. Then——"

"Go on."

"He kept telling him he was too *high*. Not just telling him. Reducing power and putting down the flaps without being told. Still," Braddock went on with faint cheerfulness, "I will say this for Judd . . . when they found the stuff on the wheel, he did say . . . I'm afraid *we* hit the hedge. I reckon he knew it was rather more than six of one and half a dozen of the other."

BRADDOCK looked around as though wondering if now he might go. And, when Manningham said nothing, he went on, as though in apology. "Everything went fine after that." He pushed back his chair.

"We'll see what we can do about your training," Manningham said automatically.

"Thank you," the Australian said.

When the door had shut behind him, Manningham sat for a long time quite still. He pondered the positions on the route of the various aircraft, then rang up Maintenance. There he obtained the one reasonably bright spark in a troublesome few days. Dallas could have Victor Lima for training as soon as it came out of the hangar from an eighty-hour inspection. When would that be? A pause. Saturday afternoon, maybe Sunday morning.

Manningham made a note in his diary. It was done.

He was just pondering how best he should tell Gort—*You know, George, it's this matter of your route check . . . this landing . . . another check with Hugh . . . pure formality*—when there was a knock on the door. He called: "Come in." And then there was Judd—smiling, easy, lazily alert.

"Well?" Judd said, putting his hands in his pockets, and walking over to the window. "All fixed?"

Manningham moved his papers on his desk and said casually: "About what? Gort, d'you mean? Another check on Saturday."

"Should be sooner."

"Can't be sooner." Manningham's mouth tightened.

JUDD smiled amiably enough. "All right. I said it *should* be sooner. At least you'll agree on that."

"I don't know about that. I'm not so sure that landing *was* entirely Gort's fault." Manningham measured his words. "It's possible that you did it between you."

"Gort was doing the handling."

"You were doing the talking."

Judd flushed. "That sounds like Dallas. Sounds like his guess—because I'm not an instructor." He raised his voice higher. "And that check—I don't want it done by Dallas."

Manningham looked up sharply. "Dallas is the only training captain at present. He checked Gort before. You didn't object."

Judd narrowed his eyes. "I didn't *know* then."

"Didn't know what?"

"That he's biased."

"Nonsense. Towards Gort? The reverse, if anything."

"Not towards Gort. Towards Gort's daughter."

Manningham began: "Gossip. I don't suppose he even knows——"

"Not just gossip. I don't think I ought to tell you——"

NEVERTHELESS, he did; just as Miss Mitchell had told him, with a few small theories of his own added on.

"So you see." Judd inclined his head. "Unfortunate. But there it is. We can't risk him, can we?"

Manningham said nothing. But when Judd had gone he phoned Captain Bateson. He closed his mind to exactly what he was doing by telling himself that Bateson had already been nominated as Dallas's new assistant, now that the training section was being expanded. Bateson was experienced and, after all, another opinion, an independent opinion, would be the answer. He would straighten it up with Dallas some other time.

After he'd phoned a surprised Bateson, he gave Gort's number and waited. But there was no answer from Gort's flat and he put the receiver down. Then, thinking that George, as he often did on his stand-off, might have come to the airport, he rang Operations. Had they seen anything of Captain Gort today?

Yes, Captain Gort was estimating Rome in three-quarters of an hour.

Rome? But he wasn't due out till Tuesday!

There was that special just to Ranjibad and back. Leyland had gone sick. Creighton was moving into a new house today. So they had asked Captain Gort. . . .

When was he due back?

The day after tomorrow.

As Manningham put down the receiver, his main emotion was an overwhelming sense of relief. It was a reprieve.

Nothing now could be done till Saturday.

• • •

Ranjibad. In the fluorescent-lighted room under the fans the navigator was reading off the graphs in the Phoenix Operations Manual. He said: "We're going to need quite a bit of the runway, Captain."

"How much?" Gort asked.

"Five thousand, three hundred feet—unstick speed one hundred and nineteen knots."

"Let's see." Gort bent over the table. Using a ruler for more accurate results, knowledgeably and carefully, Gort extracted the same information from the graphs. "That's right, Mr. Taylor—five thousand three hundred feet. Still leaves us eight hundred feet of the runway to play with. Unstick—yes, *exactly* one hundred and nineteen."

As he and the first officer left the office Gort said: "As you know, we're very heavy tonight, Mr. Joynson, and there's no need to tell you how hot it is."

"Awful, isn't it? So damned sticky, sir. Talk about a Turkish bath——"

"Which means the take-off *must* be done strictly in accordance with the book."

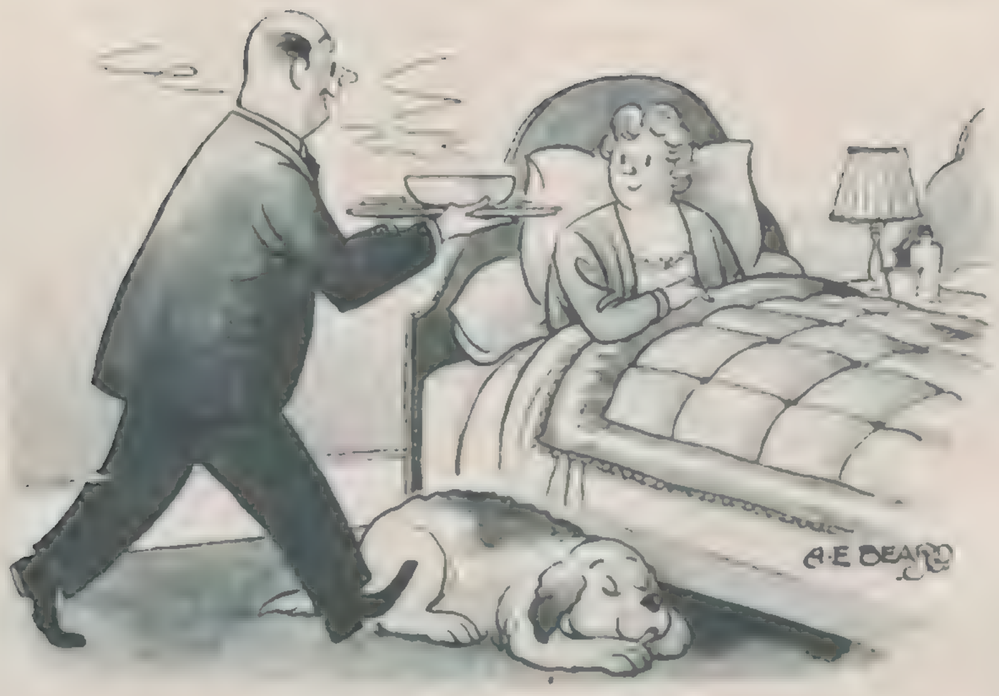
"Of course, sir."

"When you call the speeds for lifting the nosewheel off the ground and for

THE WEATHER—2

Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of weather.

John Ruskin



"Lovely hot broth—we'll soon have you up and about again"

the unstick, you must be careful that the speeds you give me are the *exact* readings of the airspeed indicator."

"They will be, sir."

With all the formalities over, Gort settled himself comfortably into Victor Mike's cockpit, took off his jacket and draped it over the seat back. "Ah, that's better!" he said, rubbing his hands; and then, to the steward who had come forward to report passengers strapped in and rear door shut: "Mr. Minty—after take-off, a lime juice would slip down very nicely."

"Certainly, Captain."

Four minutes later, dead on schedule, her whistling engines puffing out behind her a great wake of dust, Phoenix Victor Mike moved between the small blue lamps of the taxi-way and took up a position facing the wide row of yellow lights, that, slightly inclined to each other, led to the darkness of the night ahead. There they ran up the engines, completed their checks, and were cleared to take-off.

Gort released the brakes. Very slowly, Phoenix Victor Mike began to move. Then, as the power of the engines took effect, the lights slipped by more quickly.

Shaking up and down on her oleo legs, the Phoenix pounded on and on. Faster and faster the lights came up, glittering and moist in the hot air, to disappear behind them.

"Seventy-five knots!"

With infinite care, Gort lifted the nosewheel off the ground—and waited.

This was the worst time: always the worst time. Now the lights were flashing by so quickly that there seemed no interruption to them, forming a long illuminated line. And still no sound, no call from the first officer.

Gort could hear the howling of the jets, was conscious of the quivering of the fuselage as the wheels rocketed along the uneven runway.

"One hundred and nineteen knots!"

At last, he thought. He eased back the control column, felt with relief the main wheels unstick.

And then, suddenly, the last three runway lights went askew. The right wing had tipped. A juddering shiver came over the aircraft's thin plates as the starboard wheel hit the ground.

GORT tried to ease the nose forward, before pulling up the right wing. But the only result was that the other wheel came back to earth on the port side. Then they were rocking, first forward, then back, farther back. . . .

There was one runway light left. The Phoenix still wallowed helplessly, as at full power the jets screamed to get airborne.

Gort saw the light come up to him almost in slow-motion, his sense of time had so expanded. In a last effort he hauled back on the control column, urging with all his power the sluggish Phoenix to rise. And failing, called out to the other human being who sat beside him, right in the nose of this hurtling machine: "Brace yourself—brace yourself, boy!"

The last runway light flashed by. Backwards and forwards, uselessly, the control column moved. But nothing—no, not the darkness that came out of the night ahead to overwhelm them—could shake the steadiness of those tremendous hands. . . .

IT was warm, too, in London. Hugh Dallas had spent all day in his office. Then unexpectedly an aircraft had become available from the hangar and, seizing the opportunity, he had managed to get in two hours' night-flying training with Braddock. Now he leaned on the counter beside the Australian, and pushed the aircraft logbooks over to the operations officer.

He was turning away when the teleprinter close by started banging away. He saw the operations officer's eyes glance casually across at the writing that was coming up on the paper. "From Ranjibad. Departure signal of Victor Mike, I suppose."

Then the man's eyes suddenly changed. He looked puzzled, then concerned. "X," he said. X was the highest possible priority.

All three of them were now watching the machine, as with utter impersonal coldness, letter by letter, it clacked out: *Deeply regret to inform you. . . .*

Phoenix Victor Mike had crashed and caught fire on take-off at Ranjibad, with the total loss of the aircraft and everyone on board.

WITH a slight bow, Sir Arnold Hobbes said: "Sir, the company I again have the honour to represent has suffered grievously. The name of the aircraft that for years they strove to perfect has been bannered across the papers of the world with the most tragic connotations.

"You will readily see that these two misfortunes have been a bitter blow to their world-wide sales programme; but though set back, immeasurably impeded, they will not give up. They will renew their efforts.

"But one thing, for their sake and ours"—Sir Arnold paused—"I *would* say. We are all busy men, sir, and the world will not wait. The last inquiry dragged on for over two weeks. The similarities between the two accidents are so marked that may I hopefully suggest that this time the proceedings perhaps can be terminated considerably sooner?"

The commissioner cleared his throat. "I think that may be possible. We already are clear from yesterday's proceedings that the weather conditions do not enter into it, that the crew and the aircraft were properly certificated, that the Phoenix was properly loaded and all the papers were in order. There remains only to be investigated—as far as we can see—the possibility of mechanical failure on the part of the aircraft, or human failure on the part of the crew."

"That is the way I see it, too. But

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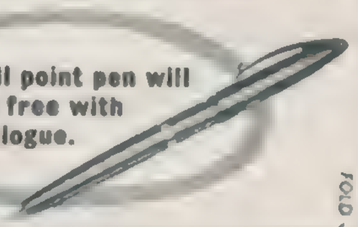

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continued from previous page

you will understand that, for obvious reasons, I cannot categorically prove—as I did last time—that there was no mechanical failure on Phoenix Victor Mike?"

"That is appreciated."

"Thank you. And now"—Sir Arnold turned to face the body of the court—"with your kind permission I would first wish to call Mr. Robinson, the station manager at Ranjibad."

Mr. Robinson, dapper in a new worsted suit, came forward to sit at the chair by the long table. Sir Arnold began:

"Now, sir, in your official capacity you have watched many Phoenix take-offs from Ranjibad by different pilots?"

"I have—yes."

"Did you notice any peculiarity of Captain Gort's take-off technique?"

"He seemed to lift the nosewheel off sooner than the others—and his attitude at the end of the run appeared more tail down."

"On this particular take-off did it seem to you that the same nose-high technique was again employed?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Mr. Robinson." Sir Arnold gave him a short, smiling nod. "That is all, sir."

WHEN the station manager had left, Sir Arnold, taking some papers from the table, studied them for a moment, and then addressed the commissioner: "Sir, it had been my intention at this stage to call Captain Manningham, the fleet superintendent. But unfortunately Captain Manningham has suffered a complete nervous breakdown. I have several questions I would have liked to have put to him, but I have no option but to call Captain Dallas instead."

From the back of the court, Dallas came down to sit at the witness's chair by the table.

"Now, Captain." Sir Arnold put the tips of his fingers on the table and leaned towards the pilot. "You will agree, I am sure, that the crash of Victor Mike bears a remarkable resemblance to the crash of Victor Foxtrot?"

"There are certain similarities."

"*Certain* similarities?" Sir Arnold's eyebrows climbed up towards his white hair in surprise. "Both were on the same runway. Both were at a full load. Both were on a hot night. Both were piloted by Captain Gort. Surely you mean *remarkable* similarities?"

"I have already said what I mean."

"Of course, you're the expert, Captain. Well, bearing in mind those similarities, can we deduce from them that a similar cause to the two accidents might be assumed as probable?"

"In the case of Victor Mike, I don't see that you can assume anything. We just don't know what happened."

"But we are here, are we not, to try to lead up to the at-present unknown cause of the accident along paths where we *do* know what happened?

"Let us go back to the beginning, to the point where, after the first accident, Captain Manningham asked you to check Captain Gort out on the Phoenix. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes—that's right."

"Did Captain Manningham ask your opinion as to whether Captain Gort should be taken off the Phoenix route?"

"We had a discussion. It was agreed in the end the fairest way was to give him a check."

"Captain Gort did far better on that check than on the check you gave him at the end of his Phoenix training. Why would that be?"

"He had more experience on the aircraft."

"Would you agree that the point of a check is for the expert—the *trusted* company expert—to ensure that the pilot is competent on the type, knows his procedures, and is *safe*?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Captain. Well certainly, the check itself—I have it here," Sir Arnold lifted a sheet from his notes—"is very thorough. Sixty-five items—take-off, instrument flying, simulated emergencies and so on—have to be commented on. But this pilot had been responsible for a bad crash on take-off. Weren't you, Captain, somewhat apprehensive that—no matter how good his take-off on this check—some time in the future he might do the same thing again?"

"I was quite certain he would not. A pilot involved in an accident through a flying error never makes that same mistake again."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. The impact of it is so considerable. That's what makes me—now—suspicious of whether after all the findings of the last inquiry were correct."

"But Captain, what other findings could there possibly be but pilot error on take-off?"

"I don't know. But I *do* know the take-off is a critical period on a Phoenix. It takes a lot of runway. Then there's a margin of twenty per cent or more between the unstick speed and the stall on a piston-engined aircraft. There's only ten knots in the Phoenix, some of which is undoubtedly absorbed in wind gusts, instrument and weight errors—with loss of lift on take-off."

"You mean that there aren't the same safety margins on take-off?"

"No—there aren't."

"Have you any idea, Captain, how many safe Phoenix take-offs there have been?"

"I don't know exactly. A great many, I should imagine."

"Over ten thousand! If there was any *real* trouble with the Phoenix take-off, don't you think it would have manifested itself more often?"

DALLAS nodded slowly: "You'd think so, I know. All the same, I've been investigating and it may be significant that—in International Airways anyway—the only two take-offs at that full weight and that very high temperature in conditions of zero wind both resulted in crashes."

"But the manufacturers will have done, as part of their exhaustive tests, many tests at every possible combination of weight and temperature."

"I don't know. Have they?"

Sir Arnold said swiftly: "Captain—this check. Your remarks were very laudatory."

"Captain Gort flew faultlessly. Completely in accordance with the book."

Judd was the next witness.

"You have never had any trouble

with the Phoenix on take-off?" Sir Arnold asked him.

"Never."

"Apart from these two occasions, have you heard of anybody who has?"

"No."

"But you would agree that the Phoenix needs more handling than its grandfather, the piston-engined aircraft?"

"Yes—I'd agree to that."

"So perhaps you were surprised when a mature man like Captain Gort came back to the line after his crash in May?"

"I didn't expect him to return."

"Shortly after he came back, you instituted a system of route checking for the pilots. On your first route check you checked Captain Gort?"

"Yes."

"And you found him, I expect, as Captain Dallas had done, perfectly satisfactory?"

"Well." Judd hesitated. "Captain Gort came in a bit low at Calcutta. I think his wheels must have just brushed the top of the hedge, for there were some pieces——"

"Yes—yes. Captain Gort hit the hedge coming in to land at Calcutta."

An immediate stir, a rustling and a talking went through the whole court.

"Now, when you returned—I take it that you asked the company to give Captain Gort *another* official training check?"

"Yes."

"How did it come about, then, that he wasn't checked before going back on the route?"

"No aircraft was immediately available. One was eventually obtained."

"But, before then, Captain Gort had been asked to go out much earlier than his position on the roster, and he slipped out, apparently unnoticed?"

"It was unexpected, certainly."

"And this check that was all arranged—the check of *paramount* importance. The company were naturally going to get a first-class man, their most experienced Phoenix instruction pilot, their training expert, to do it?"

Judd took his eyes away from Sir Arnold's. He stirred in his seat. "Well——"

"That's Captain Dallas I'm referring to, of course. Captain Dallas, the trusted company expert, was going to do this most important check?"

"Not Captain Dallas. Captain Bateson."

"Captain Judd—thank you." Slower than ever, the words came drawling out: "I—am—obliged."

• • •

Charlotte was there. Just as Dallas had known she would be. Sitting at the same table in the cafeteria. Hands folded on her lap, head down, staring at the full, untouched cup in front of her. She must have heard his footsteps, but she did not look up.

When he sat down, she glanced across at him, twitched her mouth into a small, mechanical smile and said: "How is it going?"

"It's difficult to tell."

"You knew before. Remember? Here. This very table." She looked at him with a defiant, triumphant cruelty. The greenish eyes had a curious mixture of pain and anger. "Tell me what you *think*."

"I can't think straight yet. I just don't know."

"I'm sorry." She began to drink her tea. "It's been pretty awful for you, too." She looked at her watch. "I'm sorry I asked. But I couldn't go to it myself. You understand. And I——"

"Charlotte, of course I understand."

She glanced up at him, as though startled by his tone. The cold, clear light from the window fell full on her face. He was shocked at the deep hollows under her eyes.

"Look." He stood up suddenly. "I'm going to take you home. I want to talk to you, and I can't do it here."

Obediently she followed him.

Outside, the rush-hour had started. For a few minutes they walked along in silence. He took the rough direction of Mayfair, and she kept in step with him.

At last, without glancing sideways, she said: "Now tell me. Tell me what happened. Exactly. I'm all right now."

He said to himself: *At this stage, Charlotte, it's quite impossible to tell. Too technical to explain to you, but I'm hoping this time. . . .*

"I think they'll blame him," he said. And the words seemed to go on echoing in the dark air around them. He tried to make them less stark, less awful. "Things went unexpectedly." Remembering Judd's cross-examination by Sir Arnold Hobbes, his mind was filled again with dull anger. "They're trying to prove the company itself was uncertain whether he was safe to go back on the Phoenix route."

"Thank you," she said. With an odd, bright smile, she looked at her watch. "I wonder if there's a cab—can you see one?" On either side of them the stream of people flowed homewards. "There's one! No, it isn't. Rush-hour. Oh dear! Awful, isn't it?"

"Charlotte—look. Let me try to explain. *Please*." He took her arm tightly. "I'm coming home with you."

"No, you're not. I don't want you to explain. I'd like you to go now. I don't think I want to see you again."

"I'm not leaving you by yourself."

"I'm not going to *be* by myself. Mrs. Manningham's coming. We're driving down to her house." She suddenly saw a taxi, and waved frantically. "Oh, good." She seemed relieved out of all proportion that it had come. "Goodbye, now. It was nice of you—really, I do see that, only——"

"I'll phone you."

"Quiggan Square," she said to the driver, in something of the same imperious way as her father. And then, not looking back at Dallas: "It's off Cavendish Crescent. I'll show you where to turn."

The door slammed. The taxi moved away.

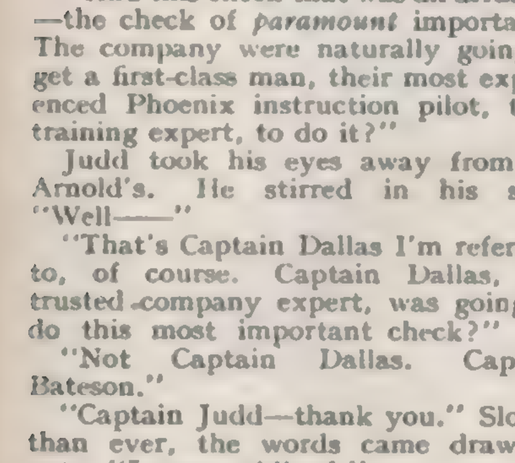
© *David Beaty, 1959*

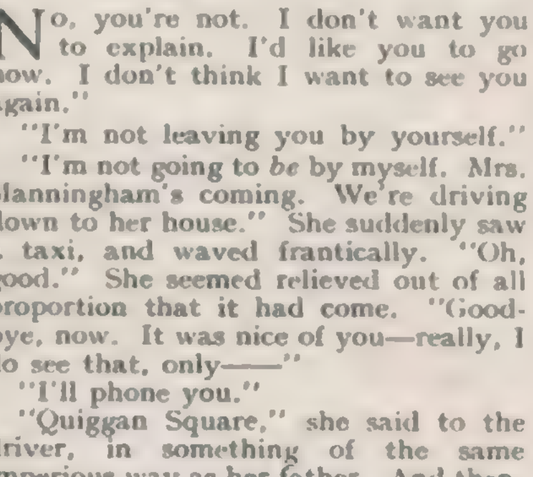
NEXT WEEK: *The men who wouldn't talk*

THE WEATHER—3

The beauty of our English weather is that when it is bad we may hope it will change soon. Its fault is that when it is good we may be pretty sure it will soon alter.

C. H. Spurgeon





"You still up, George?"

Years of

RHEUMATIC PAIN

then **RELIEF** *in* **3** *days with* **ELLIMAN'S**

ELLIMANS constantly receive letters from grateful people telling how Elliman's Embrocation has helped them. From Chelmsford comes a long letter from Mr. B. W. who had suffered great pain for a long time. He says "the most painful trouble . . . which resulted in agony when walking . . . I had visions of becoming a permanent invalid . . . after 3 days and evenings rubbing in Elliman's Embrocation, could walk downstairs in the ordinary manner . . . Elliman's did the job!"

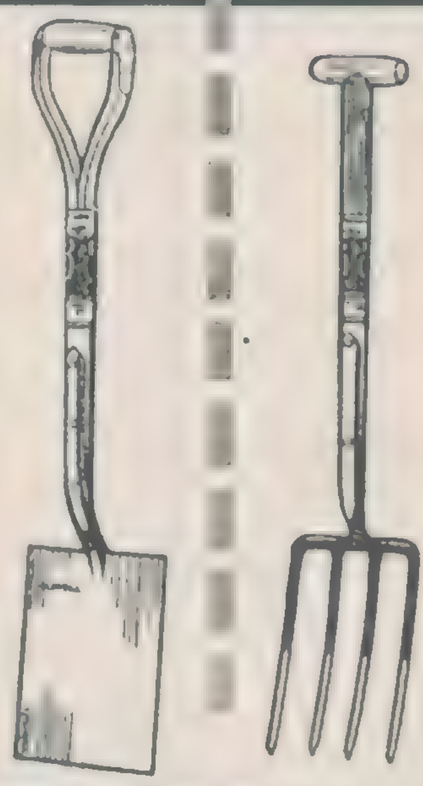
Well, there you are—just another proof of the wonderful relief that Elliman's is bringing to people every day in all parts of the world. Profit by their example—and keep a bottle of Elliman's in your first-aid cabinet—always at hand to ease the pains of rheumatism, sciatica, fibrositis, lumbago and all types of muscular distress. Your chemist stocks and recommends Elliman's Embrocation. **2/6** a bottle

Rub in **ELLIMAN'S**

Rub out PAIN!

*New Elliman's Fibro Cream for smooth-on relief 3/6 a tube
Elliman Athletic Rub for sportsmen 2/8
Also Royal Embrocation for animals 3/6 and 6/8

A pleasure to handle...



Whatever your gardening task—it is easier with Elwell guaranteed Garden Tools. See the complete range at your Hardware Dealers, including the new all steel Spades and Forks, or write for illustrated leaflets.

Elwell

EDWARD ELWELL LTD.,
(J.B.2.) Wednesbury, Staffordshire

DeWitt's

Antibiotic

THROAT LOZENGES

ANÆSTHETIC

keep them handy for 2/6 **SORE THROATS**

HAEMORRHOIDS
(PILES)

swiftly soothed and healed

What a minute-by-minute misery haemorrhoids (piles) can be! Those sore, irritating, inflamed tissues urgently need something that soothes and heals . . . like Radian Soothing Cream, the popular and effective treatment for haemorrhoids. So easily applied, non-greasy in use and *effective* from the first application. Radian Soothing Cream is sold only at chemists; the 1 oz. tube with applicator costs only 2/11d.

Radian Soothing Cream

FREE *For free sample tube send 3d. for post and packing today.*

Write Radian Dept. JB1
78 Upper Richmond Road, London, S.W.15
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

NEXT WEEK | Lionel Davidson makes a personal call on

CHRIS CHATAWAY

. . . athlete, TV personality and politician in the making. To Davidson's intimate, probing questions on career, interests and aims in life, Chataway gives frank answers

Don't miss this fascinating interview in next week's JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED

The craziest fashion house in Mayfair

continued from page 13

with a high midriff named after Sir Alfred Munnings, the former President of the Royal Academy, who is famous for his paintings of horses.

At another show there was confusion when all the lights fused. When they came on again two men were standing in the dressing-room among the partly-clad models. The sisters had borrowed jewels worth £20,000 to be worn with the clothes, and the men had been sent to guard them.

According to Raemonde, women's clothes should always be designed by women. "We understand what other women need," she says. "We understand their bodies."

When the sisters designed a gown for Jane Russell it did not emphasize her curves, it reduced them.

Rahvis shows always have a touch of flamboyance. At one, which had an Eastern motif, guests were offered Turkish delight to eat and raki (a Turkish spirit) to drink.

At another the guests were issued with miniature candles which were lit on arrival by Victor Nash, a former servant of the Royal Household, whose hair had been stickily soaped and sprinkled with white powder to produce a regal effect to match his livery.

Self-consciously holding aloft their candles, politicians and business men followed socialites and actresses upstairs to the salon. Among others who turned up were John Lewis, a Socialist M.P., the present Viscount Astor, a former Conservative M.P., Lord Erleigh, Moira Lister, Dolores Gray, Lady Melchett, Jean Simmons and Orson Welles.

Door was barred

Prince Aly Khan, who arrived late, lit his way up the stairs, found the door barred and left after seeing only one creation—that worn by the footman.

"The strain of producing a new collection is tremendous," says Raemonde. When she was returning from France by air shortly before the last Rahvis show, the aircraft, fighting through rough weather, made a bad touchdown at Lydd Airport and had to take-off for another circuit of the field.

"Several passengers were frightened," she says. "I couldn't help thinking what a relief it would be if I didn't have to put on the show after all."

During the years the sisters have been in business they have seen modes and devices in countless shapes and substances come and go, among them "airy, fly-away fabrics," "froths of white tulle," "drifting clouds," "fluid, willowy columns," "important, top-heavy shoulders," dresses that have been merely sumptuous, others "fantastically beautiful" and some that have "put the bosom on a pedestal."

Dora describes the process of creation like this: "First we say: 'Here we are again with another bloody collection,' then we go through our list of clients and say: 'Would she be O.K. in this, or this?' Then we start arguing. We fight terribly—like cats.

"Raemonde said the Sack wouldn't take; I said it would. We ended up by doing something in between. It was called the Loose Woman Look."

Once a show has been launched the tension subsides. At a small champagne party for selected guests, including Michael Wilding, after models had shown the last Rahvis autumn collection, Dora told a startled male visitor: "Thank goodness that's over. Now, where could we find a really dirty school of poker?"

On one subject the sisters are firmly agreed—their prices. They are high. Rahvis gowns seldom cost less than £75 a time, and most well over £100.

In May, 1956, at Westminster County Court, after three Rahvis dresses had been paraded before the bench, a client was ordered to complete the payment of a dressmaking bill for £422 10s. 9d. Commented Sir Edgar Dale, the judge: "The dresses were obtained at an exclusive dressmaking business where customers are possibly extravagant and particular."

But he added reflectively: "If I saw my wife going into that shop, I would tell her to come out straightaway."

Many other husbands have taken a weaker line. Today the Rahvis sisters are wealthy women, accustomed to attracting attention wherever they go. Last August, Raemonde was spotted between Nice and Paris by a discriminating person who took her pigskin bag containing jewels and cash worth £7,000. Dora was once robbed of £550 at a Le Touquet hotel.

In 1953 burglars climbed a stack pipe and scrambled a hundred feet across rooftops over the salon to take cash and valuables belonging to Raemonde worth £3,000. Another time a thief who stole property of hers worth £5,000 used her nail scissors to open a jewel cupboard.

After taking jewels, nylons, her mink coat, her beaver coat and her silver-fox cape, he made a silent getaway wearing her fleece-lined bedroom slippers.

Dora and Raemonde were born in Johannesburg, South Africa, the daughters of Arthur Davies, a generous but quick-tempered man who swore that he invented the words "cocktail" and "flapper." A wild speculator, Davies crashed irredeemably in 1933.

His wife, Anne, moved to England with the girls and started a small dressmaking business. Dora and Raemonde borrowed £300 from her, changed their name from Davies to Rahvis and opened on their own account in rented premises in South Molton Street, where they used big bunches of grapes and baskets of fruit for their first window displays.

Bored by diamonds

The Rahvis sisters have never jibbed at ostentation. During the war they joined the Voluntary Aid Detachment. "We remodelled our uniforms," says Raemonde. "We were the smartest members of the organization."

When an unexploded bomb in Hyde Park forced them to evacuate their entire staff, stock and equipment within two hours, the sisters, refusing to be panicked into lowering their standards, moved into the Dorchester ballroom.

Dora says: "Not long ago I went to a car showroom to see a new Rolls. I didn't get it. I couldn't raise any interest. Diamonds are a bore, too. I loathe boredom. I can't stand the intervals in the theatre. And I don't like losing at gin rummy."

The Rahvis sisters look disdainfully upon the exclusively male circle of couturiers in this country known as the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers—the "Top Eleven." "At one time we were asked to join," says Raemonde, "but they wanted us to disclose financial details of our business and we wouldn't do it."

Another time they decided to join, but the society would not admit them.

"We can't stand all this fawning and flattering other designers do," says Dora. "It makes us sick." She does not even flatter herself. A few weeks ago she phoned a domestic agency to obtain a new housemaid.

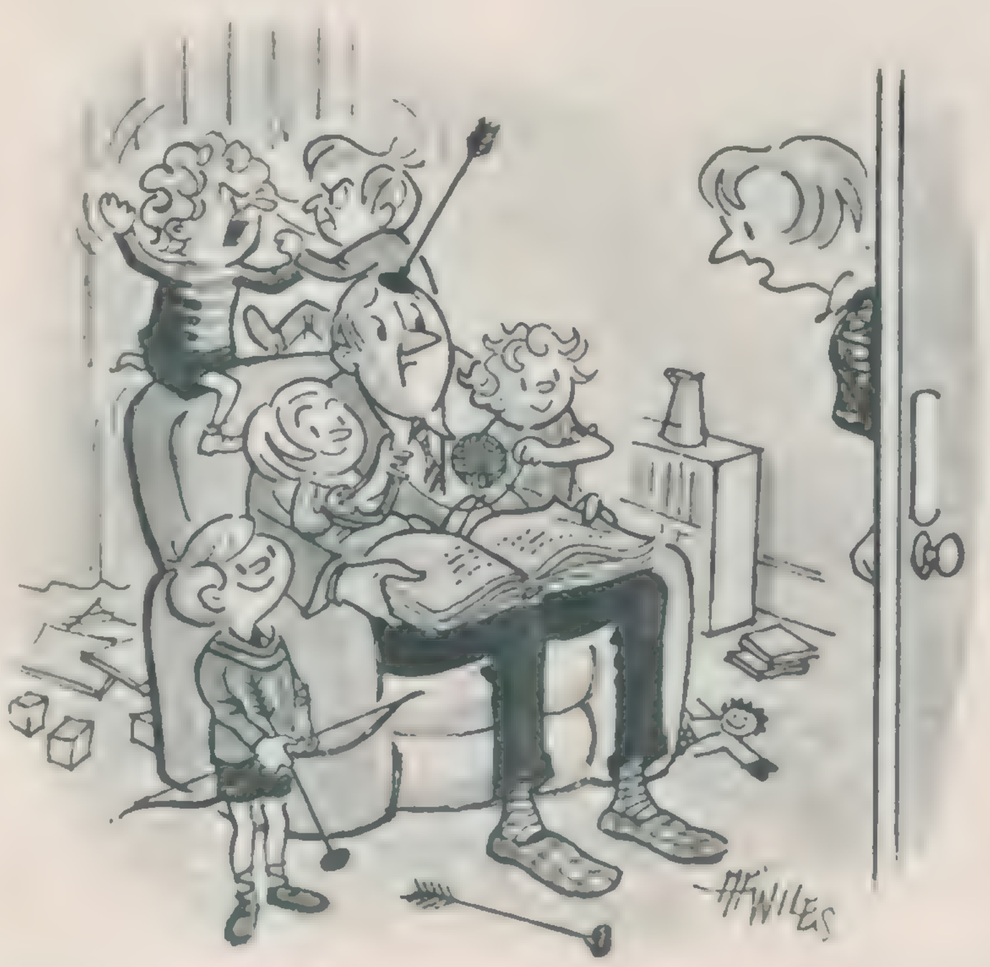
"I'm terribly temperamental and very highly strung, I shout and rave and I'm almost impossible to get on with," she admitted freely on the line.

Because the sisters are frank, some clients seek their opinion on matters other than clothes. A customer once showed them a picture of an heiress her son was to marry—not a very attractive girl.

"How much is she going to be worth?" asked Raemonde.

"About a million."

"Not a penny too much," declared Dora reflectively. THE END



"Hurry up and finish reading to them. It's time they were in bed"

"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

RESULT OF FIRST CONTEST WHICH APPEARED IN ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 20

2 readers share £250

In the opinion of the adjudicators the most skilful and appropriate fitting of advertisements to phrases was that submitted by the following 2 readers:

MRS. I. L. DOWDEN
46 INHURST ROAD
PORTSMOUTH

MR. J. P. RYAN
49 DUNDONALD CRESCENT
DUNDONALD CAMP
TROON, AYRSHIRE

The cash prize of £250 has accordingly been divided between them for their entries as below:

Phrases	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
Adverts	15	18	2	7	8	13	19	6

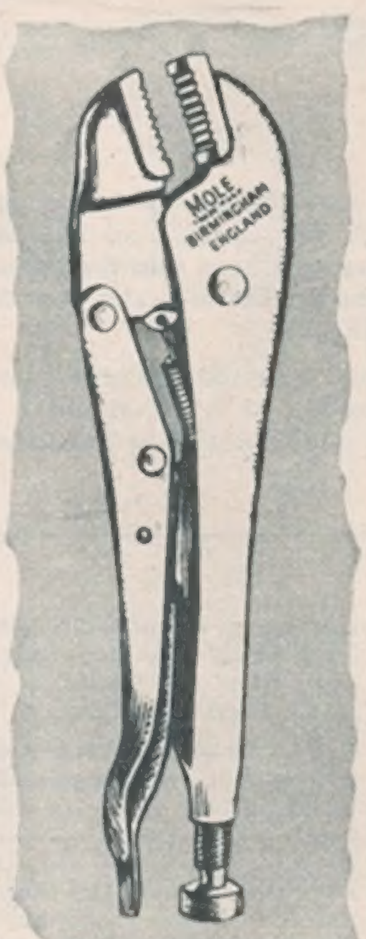
Result of the **second** £250 "Fitting Phrases" Contest which appeared in "JOHN BULL" issue dated January 10 will appear in an early March issue.

... but the modern man has a THIRD HAND

If not quite as portrayed, the Romans must have had many problems where a 'third hand' would have been very welcome indeed.

Nowadays, Handymen, Housewives, Engineers, Motorists and the like have an opportunity to use the Mole Wrench as their 'third hand.' This tool, world famous for its versatility, locks on to work and remains there, with hands off, until the release lever is touched.
A hand vice, clamp, super-pliers, and so on, are but a few of its uses, for the inevitable repairs and maintenance jobs in home, workshop, garage and garden.

THE **MOLE** TRADE MARK *SELF-GRIP* **WRENCH**



Two sizes: 7", 12/6d. and 10", 15/-.
FROM IRONMONGERS, MOTOR & MOTOR CYCLE ACCESSORY DEALERS.
★ ***Ask for a genuine Mole Wrench—Look for the name on it!***
If in any difficulty, write to:
M. MOLE & SON LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3.

RiW
EXPANSION
WATCH BRACELETS
WITHOUT CENTRE-CLASP
Fixoflex
for Men and Women

MADE THROUGHOUT IN ROLLED GOLD OR STAINLESS STEEL
OBTAINABLE FROM
ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

A NEW DEAL FOR AGENTS

As a Bollin House Agent, you'll get more money, more fun, more satisfaction than you ever thought possible from running a home shopping service. That's because with the Bollin House New Deal you have ....

*** NO WAITING FOR COMMISSION**
You do not have to wait until all your orders are fully paid up. Commission payments are on cash paid in by you from your established Agency.

*** DEDUCT YOUR OWN POSTAL EXPENSES**
No waiting for your postal and poundage expenses. You deduct them in cash from your weekly collection.

*** SAME DAY DESPATCH OF GOODS**
Bollin House gives you - and your customers - the quickest, slickest service in home shopping today.

*** MORE BRANDED GOODS**
When you see the Catalogue you'll be amazed at the wide range of branded goods it contains. It's much easier to interest your friends in brands they know and trust.

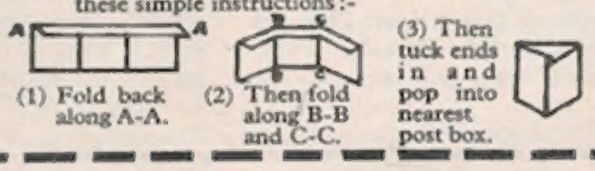
*** COMPLETE SIZE RANGE**
No more disappointments through size restrictions!

*** ABSOLUTELY NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR EASY CREDIT TERMS: ALL GOODS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED**

THE NEW QUALITY NAME IN HOME SHOPPING

BOLLIN HOUSE
THE MAIL ORDER STORES

IT'S EASY TO POST
no stamp required
After completing the coupon, just cut out the **whole** advertisement and follow these simple instructions:-



(1) Fold back along A-A. (2) Then fold along B-B and C-C. (3) Then tuck ends in and pop into nearest post box.

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF POSTED IN GREAT BRITAIN OR NORTHERN IRELAND

BUSINESS REPLY SERVICE
LICENCE NO. MR. 2217

BOLLIN HOUSE LIMITED
STANLEY STREET
SALFORD 3
LANCS.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY LICENSEE

GET IN ON THE BOLLIN HOUSE NEW DEAL NOW

Please let me know how I can become a Bollin House Agent. Send me Free Spring Catalogue and stationery. I am over 21. (Offer not applicable outside England, Wales and Scotland).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

COUNTY JB/1/B

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

WE adopted a boy when he was six months old. He is now fourteen. The adoption was done through the court, and the boy was baptized in our name. However, we have now been told that unless both of us make wills in his favour he will be unable to make any claim on our estates. Is this so?—I. F., Lancashire.

● Under the Adoption Act, 1950, a child adopted under a court order stands legally in exactly the same position as a blood child. If the surviving spouse dies intestate, the child would be able to claim the estate.

LEGAL PLOT

MY mother owns half a plot of land. The other half is owned by her sister-in-law, who lives in America. The sister-in-law says she does not want her share and will give it to me if I will get the necessary release form. Must I go to a solicitor for this, or can she just send me a letter stating her intention?—F. F., Huyton, near Liverpool.

● Your relative's share of the land will have to be properly conveyed to you by a solicitor. A letter is not enough.

DRESS HIRE

I WOULD like to hire a wedding dress, and my fiancé wishes to hire a morning suit for our wedding. Where can we obtain them?—J. C., Newport, Mon.

● A wedding dress, together with headdress, shoes, etc., can be hired from Moss Bros. and Co., Ltd., 20 King Street, London, W.C.2. This firm also hires men's suits. If you write to them quoting your measurements, they will send you details of available styles.

IN THE SADDLE

I WANT to take a pony-trekking holiday in Scotland. Can you tell me where I can obtain detailed information about the facilities?—Miss A. B., Evesham, Worcs.

● The Scottish Council of Physical Recreation, 4 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, will send you details of such holidays. The Holiday Fellowship, 142 Great North Way, London, N.W.4, also organizes pony-trekking.

DAMP WALLS

I HAVE recently moved into a house where there is bad condensation. I don't think the cause is bad ventilation as there are ventilators in every wall. What can I do about it?—H. D., Bristol.

● Try painting walls and ceilings with Seculate anti-condensation compound. It is made by British Lead Mills Ltd., Byron House, 7 St. James's Street, London, W.1. Instructions are on the tin. You could also try increasing your heating, and leaving it on permanently.

COVERING A FLOOR

I CONVERTED my kitchen into a breakfast room. It is floored with red Ruabon floor tiles, the uneven edges of which cut the linoleum laid on top. Now I want to lay linoleum tiles and wonder if there is anything I can do, short of ripping up the tiles and reconcreting—I have heard that covering the existing tiles with hardboard is satisfactory.—E. C., Prestwich, Lancs.

● You could fix hardboard, rough side up, or, better still, external quality plywood, in case there are traces of dampness, which would quickly rot hardboard. You could also try spreading latex cement over the tiles before fixing the lino tiles. It should be about a quarter-inch thick and will provide a waterproof membrane under the finish.

SMALL CARPETS

THE carpets we have are far too small for the house we are moving to. Is it possible to treat ordinary floorboard surrounds to make them both presentable and serviceable? I have been told that furniture standing on boards is an easy target for woodworm.—S. J., Exeter, Devon.

● It really depends on the condition of the boards. If they are old and uneven, fit close carpeting or some other all-over covering such as linoleum, wood mosaic or hardboard panels. If you suspect woodworm, treat the boards with a good-quality insecticide before laying anything. You can stain old boards effectively with various stains ranging from medium brown to ebonite. These not only improve the appearance of old wood, but also preserve it.

WHEN TO LEAVE

MY daughter attends a secondary modern school and will be fifteen years old on April 17. The summer term begins on April 14 and she has been told by her form mistress that she must complete the term before leaving school. What is the position?—Mrs. A. D., Chester.

● The Education Act 1946 says that a child attaining leaving age during a term shall be deemed not to have reached that age until the end of term. Your daughter must therefore complete the term.

DAMP GARDEN

MY neighbour drains all the rainfall in his garden towards my garden, which is lower than his. The result is a running stream in my garden whenever rain falls. I try to keep it away from the house, but it's very difficult, and when I have mentioned the matter to him, he has shown no interest or willingness to do anything about it.—H. G., Bradford, Yorks.

● If your neighbour has altered the level of his land or put in surface drains so that damage is being caused to your land, he can be held liable and compelled to abate the nuisance.

CENTRAL HEATING

CAN you tell me what it would cost to install central heating in a new two-bedroomed bungalow? — J. C., R.A.F., Germany.

● At a very rough guess, the cost would be about £300, but it would depend on the type of fuel power you chose—solid fuel, oil, gas or electricity. The Coal Utilization Council will help you with further particulars if you choose solid fuel heating. Ask them about small bore central heating, which is cheaper to install than the usual type. Their address is 3 Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1.

CHANGING A CHAIR

WOULD it be possible to get the dark varnish off a well-made oak armchair and make it look lighter and more modern? The chair looks rather old-fashioned but is very comfortable. —Mrs. M. H., Huddersfield.

● Remove the worst of the varnish and polish with a paint stripper, then sandpaper the oak until the natural colour of the wood appears. Then repolish the surface with wax polish. A brightly coloured cushion on the seat would help to make the chair look more modern.

NO TAX RELIEF

I HAVE had an extra room built in the loft of my home, and I understand no government grant can be made for this. Can I claim on income tax, classing it as repairs or alterations? —R. L., South Shields.

● You will not be allowed to claim any income tax relief on the expenditure incurred in converting the loft into an extra room, as this represents a capital item and does not come under the heading of repairs. Indeed, your Schedule A assessment may be increased on the grounds that the property has been improved.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Plastic-faced hardboards:** Rocma have extended their pattern range of inexpensive Rocma plastic-faced hardboards now available to the home handyman. Useful for lining kitchen or bathroom walls, surfacing table tops, kitchen cabinets and such-like, this surfaced hardboard is water repellent, resists heat up to 270° F, resists fats, most acids and alkalis and is chip-proof. In many patterns and colours. Sheets 8 ft. by 6 ft., 3 mm. thick, from £6 - £7 per sheet, or 2s. 6d. to 3s. per square foot from Rex Bousfield, Ltd., 77 Carter Lane, London, E.C.4.

● **Cleaning clocks:** To clean the works of a clock, saturate a piece of cotton-wool with paraffin and place it inside the clock beneath the works, being careful to see that it does not actually touch them. Allow to remain for three days, then remove. It will be found that the paraffin has attracted the specks of dust and dirt from the works, permitting better movement. You must then oil the clock.

● **Polythene toilet seat:** New on the market is the Plexene Polythene toilet seat, claimed to be unbreakable, ever-lasting, germproof, chip-proof and slam-proof. It is made of heavyweight polythene and is available in black, white, primrose, blue, green and red. Priced 18s. 9d. with lid and 14s. without, all are supplied with high-density polythene fittings and instructions. This seat may be had from hardware shops, departmental stores and builders' merchants everywhere. By Hermes Supply Co. (London), Ltd., 78 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

● **Home-made tiles:** Don't throw away old, partly worn linoleum. Cut the unworn part into nine-inch squares to make your own lino tiles. Paint them with lino paint to give them a new lease of life and stick down, in chequerboard pattern, with lino adhesive.

● **D.I.Y. plastic knob:** Select a tapering cap from a toothpaste tube. Drill a hole through it and insert ¾ in. brass screw (round head). Fill the remaining space in the cap with Polyfilla. When set, screw knob to door. Finish by gluing a pearl button to the open end of the handle so that it covers the screw head. (Mr. F. Taylor, London, E.13.)

● **W.C. cistern:** To prevent condensation dripping off the front and sides of a cast-iron W.C. cistern, scour the surface very thoroughly and when dry apply a coating of thick varnish. When "tacky," pepper with particles of cork, as found in greengrocers' grape-barrels. When dry, paint with aluminium paint. This ingenious idea has been sent by Mr. Baxter, Dumbarton.

● **Curtain lining:** To make curtains hang better and keep draughts out, try Aeropreen plastic foam lining. In a variety of pastel shades, ¼ in. thick, this lining is washable, and unaffected by detergents, mothproof and will last the natural life of the curtains. The cost is 1s. 6d. per square yard from Aeropreen Products, Ltd., Lindsay Avenue, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

OVER 8,000 PRIZES and GIFTS!

PRIZES value over £2,000

GIANT 8-in-1 'Own-your-home' PRIZE

£500 CASH for Deposit on HOUSE or BUNGALOW

£1,000 VALUE

£100 for FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.

£50 for SUPER COOKER

£30 for VACUUM CLEANER | £65 for WASHER

£90 for TV and RADIO | £65 for REFRIGERATOR

£100 for CELEBRATION or NEST-EGG

HOME ITEMS VARIABLE TO YOUR NEEDS—£850 LUMP SUM PRIZE IF PREFERRED

EXTRA £100 FOR YOU?

★ If when £1,000 "Own-Your-Home" Telegram arrives WED., FEB. 25 you have a cover of "HOMEMAKER" No. 1 to produce to "John Bull's" representative, you receive EXTRA £100 CASH! Hurry for your "HOMEMAKER"—it can be worth £100 to you!

for Bullets RECORD FEBRUARY OFFER!

OVER £1,000 in other Awards and GIFTS

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, £5, £4, 10 of £3

300 '25 s.' SPECIALS | 3,000 OTHER PRIZES

OVER 5,000 FREE GIFTS

-BOOKLETS of NEW £200 HOLIDAY TICKETS

POST by MON., FEB. 16—JOY WIRE on WED., FEB. 25—CHEQUES arrive SAT., FEB. 28

NOT tried Bullets yet? You're missing wonderful Fun With Words in the ideal family Contest. See this week's £2,000 array of prizes—and win that huge "Own-Your-Home" Award or staggering cheque with your coupon below.

Follow them to Fortune . . . .

MEET Mr. and Mrs. Spray—the Mansfield couple who have just celebrated their silver wedding with a *golden* thrill—a £1,000 prize. They're both Fun-With-Words fans—and there in her hand is the telegram which brought the thrilling news.

Your £1,000 good news can come on Wednesday, February 25!

LATEST WINNERS – BULLETS 2,174

£300 J. Beard, 34 Kent Road, St. Helens, Lancs: **At The End Of The Trail—Oblivion? You've *Lost* "Trail"!**

£25 A. G. Faulkner, The Orchard, Kenn, Exeter: **Beefing About Independence—Lands *Oxen* Still Ploughing!**

£10 R. Johnstone, 5 Etal Way, Prior Park, Berwick-on-Tweed: **Quietest Of Them All—Russian Launchings Of *—Submarines*!**

£9 M. S. Wilson, 4 Frederick Gardens, New Penshaw, Houghton-le-Spring: **Youngster 1959—International "Wedlock" *Born In*?**

£8 A. S. Pattison, 43 Fines Road, Medomsley, Consett: **In Industry's Circus—Heed *Customers'* "Growls," Lion!**

£7 G. Bulmer, 34 Serpentine Road, Kendal: **Thought More Of—"Glass" Than Lass—Ass!**

£6 H. Kerry, 1 Coverdale Drive, Knaresborough: **Something New—*Bank's* "Investing" In *Me*!**

£5 Mrs. E. Clough, 7 Sinclair Gardens, Seaton Delaval, Whitley Bay: **In The Toyshop—Things To *Stay* With?**

£5 J. Glasgow, 25 Blanchland Drive, Sunderland: **The Customer Pointed And—Waitress *Blew* Away Dust!**

£5 Mrs. W. Robinson, 324 Prince of Wales Road, Sheffield: **In Industry's Circus — Frightening Performance — *Mao's "Ants"*!**

Ten winners of £2 10s. and 1,550 other Awards have also been posted.

TOURNAMENT AWARD: For best First Prize Bullet of Contests 2,172, 2,173 and 2,174, Mrs. S. Barnes, Newcastle-on-Tyne, receives additional £450 plus £50 Award as offered.

ADDRESS ENTRY
Bullets, 2,179, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

THIS WAY TO WIN

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest cheque winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet for your coupon waiting at foot of page.

On The 1959 Voyage
Man Of Tomorrow
We Haven't Much Money, But
The Red Giant
Better Life
Fate, The Trickster
For The French
Flood Of Bills
To Make It Go
Wants The Moon
Breath Of Fresh Air
Dad Expects
A Mystery
With His Eyes Shut
Gone For Good
Belle Of The Factory
Being Greedy
A Bit Shop-soiled
Morning Till Night
What Is A Home?

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 1s. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co/, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated March 14), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(*See* "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 28, for early news of Bullets No. 2,179 First Prize Award.)

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

The.....Came Off And
.....For The Miner
On Her.....
A Saucy .....
The Common.....
.....Thing To Do

POST THIS GIANT £2,000 CONTEST COUPON by MON. FEB. 16

EXAMPLE ..... 1s. PER "BULLET"
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

OVER 5,000 FREE GIFTS ARRIVING THURS., MAR. 5

Bullets 2,179

Signed .....
Address .....
I agree to Rules and enclose
P.O. value ..... No. .....

£200 HOLIDAY PRIZE TICKETS FOR ENTRANTS OF 5 EFFORTS ON THIS COUPON

* If entering 5 efforts, complete this

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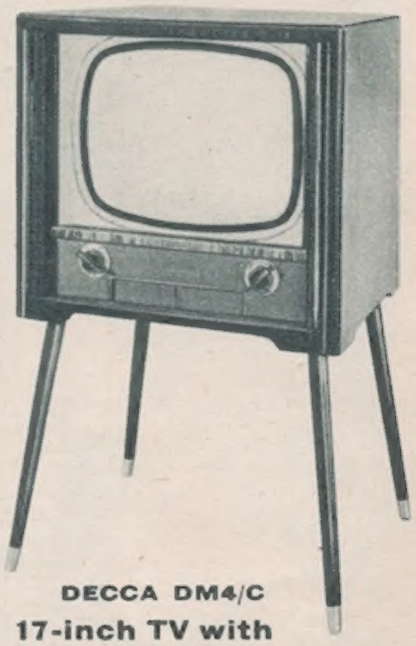

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Round and about with the 'Little Red Vans'

LONDON'S ZOO: *Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe, R.A.*

Part of the London scene

Magnificent elephants—proud-stepping camels—playful monkeys—beautiful birds—denizens of the wild—how much they delight and interest visitors to London's famous zoo.

Henry the First could never have dreamt that his menagerie at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, and later transferred to the Tower of London, would be the beginning of such a centre of attraction. But the full credit for this must go to the Royal Zoological Society who in 1829 took over the animals then in the Tower. The London Zoo now covers at least 20 acres of Regent's Park.

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